HE LEADETH ME

BY

FRANCES JOSEPH-GAUDET



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"HE LEADETH ME"



MRS. FRANCES JOSEPH-GAUDET.

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NEW ORLEANS

INTRODUCTION.

THE story Mrs. Frances A. Joseph tells so modestly and simply is as thrilling as it is creditable to the womanhood of her race.

That a woman born in a small Mississippi town out of touch with the reformatory agencies and societies which usually suggest their field to those who take up this work; and that without suggestion from statistics, reports, or ardent protests from humanitarians to stir her up to effort, should be moved to over-ride the prejudices and suspicions of her own class toward one of their number engaging in a work so unsavory and amid associations so questionable, is little short of marvelous.

The story which she tells was not offered voluntarily, but is the result of the earnest solicitation of those who believe it will attract attention, bring co-operation and help from Christian hearts and hands, North and South, who seek to enter every open door of love, duty and sympathy leading to the amelioration of the sad condition of the criminal and misguided classes. Mrs. Joseph gives as her reason rather than the applause of men, "the hope that when our women read of this my mission, they may become inspired to do what they can in the same way,"—the noblest reason that can be given for this production.

In the pages which follow are facts more thrilling than romance. This is not a story spun from a highly imaginative mind, but solid truths dealt with and experienced by an earnest Christian woman. Read her own, straight-forward story, and if further proof of the author's worth is needed, read the following testimonials.

From The Christian Herald.

"As beautiful Elizabeth Fry, the Angel of Newgate and many other prisons, and next to Howard, greatest of prison reformers, labored among criminals of her time, Frances A. Joseph, a woman of the Negro race, is laboring among prisoners, black and white, in Southern jails. That Elizabeth Fry, wealthy and of the highest social position, should impress people of station and authority, overcome prejudice and win sympathy and co-operation, is small matter for marvel; but that the daughter of a lowly Negro minister, a seamstress, making her living by her needle, should succeed in doing what Mrs. Joseph has accomplished may be cause for considerable wonder.

"Mrs. Joseph is the first American woman to choose mission work among Negro prisoners. Her labors, begun for her own people, were quickly extended to white unfortunates, as her regular visits and ministration includes the prison-yards of both races.

"Known on two continents, she has, indeed, accomplished great good, and commands the respectful consideration of her community, the great commendation of the Mayor and other officials of New Orleans; the confidence of the Governor of her state, and the warm regard of the Prison Reform Association of Louisiana. In a recent trip abroad, whither she went as delegate to the International Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention, she was heard at Edinburgh, the Lord Lieutenant of Scotland being one of her auditors; later at Belfast, Ireland; next in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London; and then at Paris, by audiences as attentive as those which have recently been her listeners in New York. As Mrs. Fry's hearers were confined to one continent, it may be said that Mrs. Joseph, in point of territory covered by personal addresses, has somewhat the advantage of her great English prototype. In her own country, she has visited twenty-two prisons in as many different states." Thus spoke the "Christian Herald" and "Signs of our Times" of the author of this volume.

The accompanying cut, prepared especially for this book of research work, is an excellent likeness of Mrs. Frances A. Joseph, who is thus described in one of the issues of the

Southwestern Christian Advocate, published in New Orleans, by Rev. I. B. Scott, now one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church:

From the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

"Mrs. Frances Joseph, of this city, is really a remarkable woman. We dare say there is no woman of any race, who has devoted herself more fully to administering both to the spiritual and temporal needs of the lowly than she. Five years ago she recognized the necessity for some one visiting those who are sick and in prison, and doing as much as possible to relieve their suffering, and also to provide for their spiritual needs. To such work she has devoted herself so assiduously that those confined in the parish prison and the city workhouse are much disappointed when she does not make her appearance from week to week. She has led quite a number to Christ, furnished reading matter and distributed scores of articles of clothing to those who were not even prepared to appear in the courts for trial. Mrs. Joseph is highly respected by the city and parish authorities and is assisted and encouraged in her work by many of the best white citizens of the city. We shall be pleased to give her every encouragement possible, and hope the day may come when scores of her sisters of the race may be found by her side in the performance of this God-given task."

H. T. Kealing, Editor A. M. E. Review.

Department of Police and Public Buildings,

Room 26, City Hall,

New Orleans, March 10, 1898.

Mrs. Frances A. Joseph,

President Frances E. Willard Union of Louisiana.

Dear Madam—

Your letter of yesterday only reached me this morning owing to my visiting lower markets.

The enclosed letter from your pastor, Rev. L. H. Reynolds, is only in accord with the impression I formed at our first meeting.

I believe you ought to have extended a helping hand and not thwarted, and for that reason enclose you an admit card.

Should any employee of mine so far forget himself as to refuse to honor same, telephone my office during business hour, or Fire Alarm at night.

With my best wishes for the success of your efforts, I remain

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) **J. W. Murphy,**
Commissioner.

Department of Police and Public Buildings,

Room 26, City Hall,
New Orleans, March 10, 1898.

To Whom It May Concern:

Permission is hereby granted Mrs. Frances A. Joseph to visit Police Jail at any time she feels disposed.

(Signed) **John W. Murphy,**
Commissioner.

Office of Criminal Sheriff,

Parish of Orleans,
New Orleans. March 23, 1898.

Mrs. Frances A. Joseph,

Madam—

In answer to yours of this date, I can say your visits to this institution have so far been pleasant, and I appreciate the good you have done in behalf of the unfortunate confined, distributing literature and advising them for their good.

Respectfully,

(Signed) **W. E. Uniake**, Sheriff.

State of Louisiana, Mayoralty of New Orleans,

City Hall, New Orleans, April 24, 1900.

To Whom It May Concern:

Mrs. Frances A. Joseph, identified with many charities in New Orleans, more particularly known for her prison work and as president of the Frances Willard Women's Christian Temperance Union of Louisiana, leaves shortly to attend an International Temperance Convention, to be held in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Mrs. Joseph is so well known to the people of New Orleans that she requires no introduction or credential other than her own work.

As she goes among strangers, I commend her to the kind offices of those among whom she may temporarily sojourn during her present mission.

(Signed) **W. C. Flower,** Mayor.

Prison Reform Association,

New Orleans, May 31,1900.

This will introduce Mrs. Frances A. Joseph, who visits Europe as a delegate to the International Convention.

Mrs. Joseph is well known in this city for her humanitarian work, and is a constant visitor to our jails and prisons, and the objects sought for and obtained by her meet the very hearty endorsement of this association.

We trust that the object of her visit to Europe and the Northern cities of the United States may result in full accomplishment of her wishes.

(Signed) **J. Watts Kearney,** President.

"State of Louisiana, Mayoralty of New Orleans,

"City Hall, November 2, 1911.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"I am pleased to be able to commend Mrs. Frances Joseph Gaudet for the admirable work she has, and is still performing, in the care and uplifting of the unfortunate of her own race in this city and section. Mrs. Gaudet enjoys the confidence and esteem of all who know her in this community, and is regarded as entirely trustworthy in all she says and does.

Respectfully,

Martin Behrman, Mayor.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE.

Resolutions of recommendation and indorsement of the Philadelphia Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, in behalf of Mrs. Frances A. Joseph, of New Orleans, La., President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Louisiana, and Superintendent of Prison Missionary Work.

Whereas, the annual conference has heard with the most profound respect and appreciation of Mrs. Frances A. Joseph, of New Orleans, La., president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Prison Missionary Work, now en route for Edinburgh, Scotland, as a delegate to the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union International Convention; and

Whereas, the conference has been touched by the recital of the work she has accomplished in New Orleans and vicinity, and other places in visiting the prisons, securing assistance for those unable to secure proper defense, acquittals for those unjustly accused, and in bringing to the attention of the judges and attorneys the cases and conditions of many of those whose cause would have gone unheard; and

Whereas, our sense of appreciation for her services has been heightened beyond expression, from the fact that the interest taken by her and the assistance given have been done irrespective of race, color, nationality or condition,

further, that this work has been prosecuted without any regular financial compensation, and done often under the most trying circumstances where she has been liable to meet with insult and rebuff; and

Whereas, that in her, we recognize the highest dignity of refinement, and the truest evidence of Christian-like character and the undaunted qualities of womanly heroism, which makes her worthy of our unlimited confidence and highest endorsement, we as a body of Christian ministers can give;

Therefore, be it Resolved, that the 84th Annual Session of the Philadelphia Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church hereby recommend the said Mrs. Frances A. Joseph and her good work to the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland and Scotland, and wherever else she may go, as a worthy representative of the temperance cause and reformatory prison life, asking for her the largest consideration possible in the extension of this great and laudable undertaking.

Resolved, that we endorse her determination to build a home for the unfortunates in the suburbs of the city of New Orleans for the purpose of rescuing and sheltering boys and girls destined to prison life for seeming vagrancy, because of their inability to procure profitable employment, so that their young lives be not contaminated by criminal proclivities.

Resolved, that this Annual Conference bestow upon her our prayers, our fullest confidence and our petition for aid in her behalf, to whom these presents may come greetings.

Done in the city of Chester, State of Pennsylvania, this the 7th day of June, A. D. 1900.

W. B. Derrick, Bishop.
H. H. Cooper, Secretary.

From The Times-Democrat of November 8, 1905.

With the rightful claim of Godmother to the Juvenile Court, the Era Club, considered its representation during the court sessions but a just manifestation of interest in this method of reform work effected by the organization. Hence followed the appointment of members to serve upon the Special Juvenile Court Committees shortly after the institution of the child's separate court law.

The presence of refined womanhood during the conduct of the trials lends a certain dignity to the proceedings, while exerting a softening influence upon the hapless young miscreants.

Most faithful work in this particular sphere has been accomplished during the summer months by Mrs. H. Dudley Coleman and Miss Anna Bonnabel, who have been constant and regular in their attendance during the Juvenile sessions at both the uptown and downtown courts, presided over by Judge Fogarty and Judge Marmouget, respectively. The efforts of these faithful members of the Era Club have accomplished great and far-reaching good in tempering the nature of the punishment inflicted for minor misdemeanors and in lending their moral support and influence to the misguided youths.

Another noble woman who deserves special credit for work in this same broad field is Mrs. Frances Joseph, whose faithful presence and influence at the Juvenile Court has ever been a stronghold and support to young offenders of the law.

Frances Joseph, superintendent of the Colored Industrial School, has effected the most praiseworthy missionary work in uplifting and establishing the high moral code of her race.

Long before the establishment of the Juvenile Court and long before any white woman thought of lending the influence of her presence at the children's trials, Frances Joseph (Gaudet) faithfully attended the courts.

THE RECEPTION.

On Wednesday, January 2, 1901, a large and enthusiastic reception was tendered to Mrs. Frances A. Joseph on her return from Europe in one of our largest colored churches in the city, Central Congregational.

Mrs. Joseph interestingly entertained her audience for nearly two hours. At this gathering the following resolutions were presented by Dr. A. M. Green, and unanimously adopted:

"As citizens of the State of Louisiana, and of the City of New Orleans, proud and even boastful of whatever tends to the honor and credit of our state and city; having witnessed with emotions of pride and admiration the self-denying philanthropic labors of our friend and sister, Mrs. Frances A. Joseph, and being all the more impressed because of her birth in our adjoining sister state of Mississippi; and in view of her model parentage, being the daughter of a faithful Christian minister, and of a mother of most sincere and pious devotion to Christ; and last, but not least, of her years of pure life, her chaste life and character in our midst; we deem this an opportune time and occasion for an expression of our high estimation of the character and worth, of one who, with such a spirit of total self-abnegation, and persevering love for the fallen distressed, has gone her own way into popular recognition until the people of two great continents recognize and applaud her noble efforts on behalf of the poor, homeless and neglected boys and girls of her race;

"**Resolved therefore:** It is a pleasure to know that the zeal and persevering energy of Mrs. Joseph has resulted in the bringing together of citizens and their permanent organization for helpfulness in the work that lies nearest her heart.

"**Resolved:** That the Colored Industrial Home and School Association, and the subscriptions and assurances of material aid of citizens of wealth and influence, both at home and abroad, are the surest possible guarantee of final success, and of the fact that our friend and honored guest of the evening has not labored in vain.

"**Resolved:** That in furtherance of the grand objects herein expressed, and as earnest of our desire for the perfect success of this movement, we do hereby pledge it our most cheerful endorsement, and our determination to do all in our power to assist and encourage the efforts put forth in this direction."

FRANCES A. JOSEPH.

I was born in a log cabin in Holmesville, Pike County, Mississippi, November 25, 1861. My mother was the daughter of Squire Yancey, a slave, a local preacher of the A. M. E. Church. My father left home for the war and never returned. My mother's mother was an Indian, for whom I was named. My grandparents kept me with them until I was eight years old. Grandfather and I were much in love with each other; he rarely went to town (Summit, about seven miles from home), without taking me along on the ox team. These were treats to which I eagerly looked forward. I well remember my first money and how I invested it. A gentleman in the store where grandfather dealt gave me two silver five-cent pieces. I began to look around for the largest thing I could purchase for five cents; it proved to be a sugar loaf which was about ten inches long and about eight inches around and was smooth, pink and very pretty. I bought it and the clerk wrapped a piece of brown paper around it and I went out on the steps to eat while waiting for grandfather to finish his shopping. A goat came up just as I seated myself, sprang at me and grabbed the brown paper. I held on tightly and screamed for help, hugging the loaf so closely that it was crushed and made just one little handful of pink sugar. It was nearly all wind. The other five cents I put into my mouth for safe-keeping and swallowed it. I was inconsolable, and cried myself to sleep that night at the loss of my first money.

Grandfather helped to build the first church for Negroes in Summit. Being one of the founders and having a little education he was so anxious to have us taught that he gave the use of the church to a northern missionary to open the first school for colored children. I shall never forget my first day in school. There were about twenty children seated on four long, rough, backless benches. I was in the

front row. Grandfather had given me his precious old blue-back speller. Noticing I was the only one that had a book, I felt sorry for the other children and divided my book with them by tearing out leaves and passing one to each child. Meanwhile the teacher was unfolding a large cloth chart having the alphabet, which attracted my attention. Then our work began in earnest.

In the churchyard nearby slept a silent congregation in which nearly every home in the church was represented, pieces of plank marking the grave of some departed loved one. How I loved the big meeting days, when on the first Sunday of the month people came from one to thirty miles to hear the gospel from some poor, earnest, struggling black preacher. We children sat on the floor around the altar, glad to be there, sometimes falling asleep and bumping our heads. When preaching was over we would eat dinner that had been prepared on Saturday, water our stock and start for home. As we only lived two miles from church my grandparents walked, Brother Eugene and I ran on in front through the woods taking off our shoes and wading through the creek while the old folks walked the log further down. Our parents were very poor. We had to go barefoot all the summer so as to save our shoes for winter. They were russets with brass tips ,and brother and I would try to see which could shine those tips the brightest. Then when all work was done we rushed away to the clay pile to make mud pies, men, houses, etc. Sometimes Grandfather came out, and while watching us made some useful suggestions, that we always prized. We had no toys and sometimes amused ourselves catching butterflies. Grandfather would tell us the names of the pretty colors on their wings, then we would let them go; often I watched them as far as I could, then, would ask where they had gone, was there another town like ours? He would answer yes, and tell of the large city far away where he hoped to go some day.

His hopes were realized sooner than he expected. My oldest uncle lived on a plantation with his wife and two children. The overseer had ordered my uncle's wife to come to his room while uncle was away. When he returned he took his gun and killed the overseer, and this made my uncle a fugitive from his town. Grandfather was so trou-

bled by this he could not live in peace at his home. I was eight years old and brother was ten when they moved to the city of New Orleans and sent us to a private school near our home. Four years later found me in the fourth grade in Mrs. Ludwig's room in the public school on Clio street, near Prytania. My grandparents both died leaving us with mother, who had married a sailor. She moved downtown and sent me to Straight University a while. My stepfather died and mother had to take me from school. Brother and I had to help her earn money to support the other three children. My heart ached and many nights my pillow was wet with tears because I could not finish school. I loved poetry and every spare penny I got went for books which I read at night. Our lot was hard but when brother told me confidentially that he was tired of working for $10.00 per month and had decided to run away and accept a place as cook on an Illinois Central freight train, my cup of sorrow was full to overflowing.

When a month had passed he wrote to mother begging her pardon and sending her his first month's wages. He sent her the rent regularly every month until she died twenty years later. Only his color has prevented his rising to a higher position than charge of the president's private car, for he is loved and respected by all the railroad officials.

In my seventeenth year I had many suitors. I was wed and lived happily with my husband for ten years, when drink, the curse of America, gained a hold on him and destroyed our happiness and made a legal separation necessary. It was then the Lord called me to the mission field, and in trying to cheer the broken-hearted I forgot my own troubles. Three children were to be educated and God helped me wonderfully to provide for them.

CHAPTER I.

HOW AND WHY I BEGAN PRISON REFORM WORK IN NEW ORLEANS.

I AM asked to write of my prison work, and how I came to engage in it. One never-to-be-forgotten Saturday morning in March, 1894, while on my way to see a sick member of the old historic St. James Church, of which I am a communicant, I had to pass the depot of the Mississippi Valley Railroad. The train was all coupled and ready to start. Just then an old woman, sobbing bitterly, passed me, and as sight of tears always moves me, I drew near and asked if I could help her. She shook her head and replied, "No, my child, it is too late. My only son is in that gang going to the State Prison."

I looked in the direction she pointed, and saw about twenty colored men and four women being pushed aboard the waiting train. The whistle blew, the engine pulled out with its load of human freight, some to serve for six months, some for twenty years, and some never to return. The poor old lone mother by my side tottered beneath her burden of grief, and might have fallen had I not held her by the arm until she could control herself.

I persuaded her to return to her home, which she said was just five squares away; and as I walked by her side, she told me her son had been charged with breaking into a store at night and stealing goods amounting to eighty dollars. He was arrested, convicted and sentenced to five years at hard labor in the State Prison at Baton Rouge.

I consoled her as best I could, and I left her in her sorrow. That evening when I picked up the paper, the first thing I saw was the glaring headlines, "Twenty-four Negroes sent to the Pen!" Then followed a long list of names, the crimes committed and the length of time to serve.

I felt that something ought to be done to stop this march to the prisons. That night, as I knelt by my bed to ask God to comfort that aged mother whose only support was locked behind prison walls, it seemed some one was whispering to me, "You must go to the prison and ask the prisoners to pray that God will help them to resist temptation; and tell them to pledge themselves never to

do anything to bring them back to the prison when they get out of their present trouble."

I became frightened and tried to banish the thought. The next morning, Sunday, I went to Sabbath School, taught my class and remained over for church service. The pastor read for the lesson, St. Matthew, xxv chapter, beginning with the 31st verse. As I listened I became more impressed that I must take up this work; and as we knelt to pray, I promised God if He would open the way I would strive to do His bidding. I saw the Christians sitting in the church waiting for sinners to come in to be prayed for, but few came. Then I realized what my Master meant when He said that we must go into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come by our kindly reasoning and Christian example.

Monday morning, the feeling was still stronger upon me to go to the prison and try to stop that great host marching to degradation. I asked several persons to go with me, but no one would go; however, I secured permission from the Mayor to visit the jails.

On Wednesday I was still determined. While pondering how best to proceed, a knock came at my gate. I hastened to see who was there. A man stood before me begging me to help him. He said that he was a minister, and had come from Mississippi to see an only son who was arrested for larceny. He felt that his son was innocent but he did not have money to employ a lawyer. He had seen me, knew I was a member of the King's Daughters, and thought I might aid him. He had asked some of the ministers for help but had not received enough. I told him I would do what I could, and asked him to meet me at the prison gate that day at one o'clock. He was there and the sheriff allowed us to pass in. After I had been shown over the prison and talked with the minister's son, I asked to be allowed to hold prayer-meetings once a week in the halls leading to the cells. They consented, and on Friday of the same week I succeeded in getting the same minister to assist me in this meeting. We heard that a man by the name of James Murray alias "Greasy Jim," was on the first floor in one of the cells, charged with murder. He had been found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, and was awaiting the Governor's signature to his death-warrant. There were also con-



THE PARISH PRISON.

fined in cells nearby Frank Fuller, who had killed his wife, and James Washington, who had killed his brother-in-law.

As the deputy sheriff unlocked the cell doors and let the men out into the hall where we were locked in, the prisoners not knowing us, eyed us with suspicion. I held out my hand to Murray, and shook hands with him as the sheriff introduced us. I told him we had come to cheer and help him, and recommend to him a Friend who was his only hope now. He smiled and said, "This is new to me, I've never had anyone to visit me and pray with me before, and I've been in many prisons; but it's too late now. If some Christian had come into my cell in Mississippi, where I was arrested for the first time, and talked with me as you are talking, I might not be here to-day. I had no one when I was young to urge me to attend church, and when I grew to manhood I never thought of it."

"Well," I said, "it is not too late. If you are sorry for what you have done, and ask God to forgive you, He will, and He will give you rest from your care and sorrow."

He replied, "You may sing and pray, but I don't know that it will do me any good."

Accordingly, I sang that good old hymn, "Come ye sinners, poor and needy," and knelt to pray. Murray stood up a while, but when the prayer was half finished, he knelt on the stone floor at my side and groaned, "It is too late;" then the sobs shook his frame, and tears flowed down his cheeks. When we arose, he failed to get up. Another hymn was sung, "Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole." Tears were still falling on the floor while the minister prayed. Frank Fuller arose to his feet and said, "I feel my sins forgiven; praise God."

Then the jailer, while we were singing "Jesus Lover of my Soul, "took my hand, shook it and said, "Pray for me." His face was wet with tears. Shortly after that a crazy prisoner killed him, but the prisoners all said that from that day he was a changed man and they seemed sorry at his death.

After the first week I could get no one to accompany me to the prison, so I went alone and held my second prayer-meeting. I found Murray anxiously waiting for me to help him with my prayers and hymns. He said he had not eaten anything that day, and felt heart-sore and burdened.

After I had read the third chapter of John and explained it as best I could, we knelt in prayer, and on arising, I sang with all my soul:

"When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like billows roll,
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
'It is well, it is well with my soul.'"

I asked him to help me sing the chorus; he tried, and as he sang louder and louder, his face seemed to shine more and more, until he grasped my hand, shook it with emotion, and said, "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul! It is well, it is well with my soul." After talking with him for some time, I left him rejoicing.

Two weeks later with Mrs. M. A. Marshall, who agreed to accompany me whenever she could, I went to hold the weekly prayer meeting. We had been in the prison about an hour, singing and praying, when we were called to the cell door by the sheriff and asked to stand by Murray while the death-warrant was being read to him. We agreed. He was called, and came and stood between us while the jury filed in; then calmly folding his arms, he stood and listened with a smile to the terrible words, "That he was to be hanged by the neck till he was dead." He took it as coolly as if it were an invitation to a dinner. At the conclusion we led the way to the condemned cell. He smiled when we parted, and we asked God to give him courage to go through the ordeal that awaited him.

Two weeks later we went to pay him the last visit and waited for him in the prison chapel. The gallows had been erected three days previous to this. The minister who was to attend him was also in waiting in the chapel with us. Soon we heard the slow and steady tramp of the deputies descending the stairs with the unfortunate man. As they entered the chapel we sang:

"Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee."

The minister read and we sang: "Nearer my God to Thee."

Murray then shook my hand and asked God's blessing upon me for leading him to a hope in Christ. After singing, as well as emotion would allow us, "God be with you till we meet again," I took my leave. On reaching the door, I turned to look back; there stood Murray still smiling and

waving farewell. Twenty minutes later he was dead.

During the eight years of my prison work, over five hundred souls were converted to Christ. One of these is now a local preacher. Eleven hundred more pledged themselves to lead better lives.

During that time I witnessed many sad scenes. I have seen young women so drunk that they could not stand, brought in and thrown into a cell to sober up.

Many of our people refuse to listen, or come to church, where they may be persuaded to become Christians themselves, and leave off the frivolities that assist in dragging them down; but when they find themselves in prison for the first time, they are filled with shame and remorse. I have seen such persons shed bitter tears as they were locked in. I have gone to them and urged them to repent of their sins, and to resolve to live better lives; that if they have fallen by the wayside to get up out of the "Slough of Despond" and begin to do right; if they have made a mistake, others have also, and that they need not continue in that course. I have told them that some one they least think of is watching them, perhaps some little brother or sister is going to pattern after them. Such talks, I have found, always help, and many have pledged their word to me on bended knees; for when they are in prison they have few friends, no money, but plenty of time to think. This is the Christian's opportunity to visit the prisoner and recommend a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Nine times out of ten he will accept Jesus and leave the prison a Christian, often joining some church at once.

In many churches in New Orleans I see some face I have met in prison, some one with whom I have pleaded, some one whose pledge I have taken. My work has not stopped here. I have gone to the judge and pleaded for leniency. Some have had their sentences set aside, some have been kept from going to the State Prison, having their time spent in the city where they are better treated, and where their friends can come to see them. Then these visits to the prison cause the deputies to treat the prisoners better, for the fear of being reported to higher officials has great force. I have had this to do more than once.

Wardens and jailers become callous through seeing so much misery, and are apt to consider a man guilty because

he is a prisoner, and being guilty, in their opinion, he loses all claim to kind treatment. This is the tendency, although there are many noble exceptions. I tell them that a man does not lose his humanity because he is a prisoner, that he still has rights which the deputies should respect.

With the assistance of the Prison Reform Association, I was able to reduce the number of inmates I found in the Parish Prison in New Orleans, when I began this work. There is a chronic class of prisoners, white and colored, who are out one week and in the next. Some deem this class hopeless, but I believe there is some good in all, and as long as there is life there is hope.

The parish officials do not furnish clothing for the prisoners, therefore something had to be done to hide their person, so I went out and begged for shoes and clothing to help them. A man who had been in prison four months was obliged to remain in bed three days, because his clothes had fallen to pieces. Had I not provided clothes in this case, he would have been unable to attend his trial.

I have yet to speak of the worst thing of all. Little boys of all sizes were placed in the yard with men who had committed almost every crime on the calendar, and they were kept with these men four or five weeks before they were tried. If guilty they were sent to the Boys' House of Refuge. If innocent, they were of course, released; but in either event they are sure to have overheard many things in this school of crime furnished by the city that would have been best unheard.

I registered a vow, God being my helper, to bring about a better condition of affairs to save these helpless children, by building a home for them, and to have them committed to my care.

Now a word about the criminals. The Negro has few friends when prosperous, he has still fewer when in trouble. When I began pleading with the judges to deal as leniently with the black man as with the white, they were astonished at the interest I took in these friendless ones and seemed to be of the opinion that they were my relatives or friends, or that I was being paid a salary or receiving compensation from some source. They were greatly amazed when I told them I did not expect any reward here on earth but was simply doing what I thought would please my Maker. I

supported myself by sewing and when I lost a whole day to assist some one to get his freedom I must sew part of the night to make up lost time. The prisoners themselves very often forgot to thank me when they got out. They soon forget that they owed their liberty to my efforts, and that they promised to pay at least my carfare for securing them counsel and finding their friends. But this did not stop me. I believed I was pleasing God and that He will bless me for whatever I am permitted to do for suffering humanity.

I recall one day some years ago, when I had been out the whole day trying to get favorable evidence to keep a woman from the State Prison, I found myself two miles from home, footsore and hungry, without a nickel in my purse to pay carfare. I had to walk home and naturally my thoughts were gloomy. I asked myself the question, "How long can I go on in this way without financial aid?" which I was ashamed to ask. I felt I must give up the work. These lines came to me, penned by one who knew:

THE BURDEN.

By Lucy Rider Meyer.

"O God," I cried, "Why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle throng me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I? To bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the others' sin?
Would God my eyes had never opened been!"
And the thorn-crowned and patient One
Replied, "They thronged me, too; I too have seen."

"Thy other children go at will," I said, protesting still;
"They go unheeding, but these sick and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin
Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it? Let me rest, Lord, I have tried"—
He turned and looked at me, "But I have died."

"But Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil these souls to win!
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest tossed—they are not mine."

He looked at them—the look of one divine;
He turned and looked at me. "But they are mine."
"O God," I said, "I understood at last.
Forgive! And henceforth I will bond-slave be
To thy least, weakest, vilest ones;
I would not more be free."
He smiled and said, "It is to me."

Just then a man stopped in front of me, and grasping my hand, shook it, saying, "Excuse me, Mrs. Joseph, but I must speak to you; I suppose you have forgotten me."

"Yes," I replied.

"A year ago," he said, "I was in prison and you begged me to lead a better life. I promised you that I would. I am now converted to Christ and am glad you made me promise. I hope you will continue your visits to the prison as there are many like myself who need to be advised. Then again, the deputies treat them better when you are around."

I told him I was glad I had helped him. As I passed on, I said to myself, "I can't give up this work; I must continue, help or no help." The judges were kind, treating me with every courtesy. The Mayor, the district attorney, the sheriff, the captain, the deputies, the newspapers, all were kind and patient, ever willing to give me a hearing. I have a few critics among my own race, who have tried to discourage me by saying it is not a woman's place to visit prisons and courts; but, as St. Paul says, "None of these things move me," for I love my people. I am trying to lift fallen humanity, to raise the moral standard higher, and above all, to please God.

At my request, the authorities set aside the third Sunday in each month for the colored ministers to preach in the prisons, but it was not always easy to get them, so I usually spoke to them myself. The prisoners were very eager to get books and newspapers, hundreds of which I begged for them, but the supply was seldom sufficient to go around.

Devoutly believing that God had given me this work to do, I was content to labor on, looking to the time when my labor should cease, the fruit be seen, and the reward given.

CHAPTER II.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

Not a few have been accused, arrested and suffered imprisonment for crimes of which they knew absolutely nothing. It is true, according to our state laws, every accused person is innocent until the state can prove him guilty. In very many cases, the individual though innocent is utterly unable to prove himself guiltless. As for instance, a man in the late hours of the night, passing a dwelling house that had twenty minutes before been burglarized, is arrested, charged with the crime and put into prison. Though innocent, the evidence points strongly to him. He cannot prove that he did not enter the house, and being a stranger in the community, no one can vouch for him. He is given little time for communication with relatives or friends, and being penniless, he is convicted and sentenced to the State Prison. Thousands have been convicted on what is known as circumstantial evidence, and hundreds have been as innocent of the crime of which they are charged as you who read these pages. If you had good reasons to believe a prisoner guiltless and you could get him out of his distress, would you not do so?

Fathers and mothers, you who have sons, possibly daughters, roaming the world over, would you not rejoice and be exceedingly glad to know that some sympathetic Christian person in a foreign land had given your child a helping hand? I do not mean that guilty persons should not suffer for their crimes. I have always contended that the guilty should suffer in proportion to their offense, be the punishment what it may. But innocent or guilty, I feel that God wants us to reach even the prison-bound and tell them of His wondrous love; to carry to them His word, "That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life;" that "Though their sins be as scarlet He will make them white as snow."

A case comes to my mind of a Hebrew, who came from Chicago to New Orleans representing a clothing store. He engaged rooms at a hotel. The manager made a mistake as to the arrival of this guest, so could not accommodate him on account of being over-crowded. He was piloted to a fifth-rate boarding house, where he met a confidence man

who invited him on his first night in town to see some of the sights. He went and saw more than he wanted to see. After a stroll down Canal street, they turned into Basin street and entered a fine looking house where beautiful women and wine made him careless as to his surroundings. One of the women grew familiar. He felt her going through his pockets; he drew away from her, and took his hat to leave, but she held on. He cried "Police," the woman cried "Police," and he was thrown out of the door onto the sidewalk. An officer hearing a noise, came, arrested the innocent man, charged him with drunkenness, disturbing the peace, and assault and battery. He protested, and tried to tell his side of the story. The woman had relieved him of the contents of his purse and destroyed the purse with his traveling papers. There was no evidence to hold the woman, and his new friend could not be found. I saw him three days after his arrest. He told me his troubles, saying, "I can get no one here to carry a message for me, or to give me a stamp, or a sheet of paper to write my firm. In fact, I really feel ashamed to have them know of this trouble, but I must write." I gave him the stationery he required, he wrote the letter and I mailed it. The answer came to my address; I took it to him, the deputy opened it in my presence. It contained a check for $200.00, made payable to him. He was taken out by a deputy to cash the check, had his trial and was discharged after having been in prison four weeks. There are hundreds of cases similar to this.

One morning, as I went out into the yard where the colored men are kept, a man approached me asking that I write a letter to his wife in one of the country parishes. I did this for him. He had been arrested and charged with grand larceny by his former employer. I asked him why he had desired to be a thief. The reply came in indignant tones: "Madam, nothing is further from my mind." He explained, "I would pay my employer if I had the money; he did not give me the chance. I acknowledge I am indebted to him, not that I have stolen or obtained merchandise with any bad or dishonest intention. This he knows. I worked on his farm for five years at 75 cents per day. I received my pay every two weeks in brass checks, which I had to spend at my employer's store. The clerks generally charged two prices more than the village store. When

winter came, although I received increased pay for about two months, and a half, I could not save enough to keep the wolf from the door, and pay up my debts after the winter season. So to keep my wife and three children alive, I was compelled to make a bill at the plantation store. My wife and children were all sick from time to time during the year, and we got behind further instead of catching up. After five years of hard struggle and no headway, I became disgusted and discouraged. I went to my employer to reason out the case with him, saying I wanted to pay him, but would never be able to do so at the present rate; that I would leave my family for a few weeks, go off, make some money, pay him what I could and remove my family; that he would know just where I would be, and I would pay him right along until the whole bill was settled. He seemed to sympathize with me and consented, for he had never had any cause to doubt my honesty. Of course I wanted my children to learn to read and write. We have only six weeks public school in the country during the year and no money with which to buy books. Accordingly I came to the city, and soon found work, driving a float for $9.00 per week. I had not been working two weeks when my former employer heard of this, came to the city, and had me arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses to the amount of $120.00. I was tried, found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the State Penitentiary."

And this is one of the reasons why so many Negroes in the South are charged with larceny. Sometimes they have a little money to pay a lawyer to defend them. In many cases the lawyer will take the last cent they have, and if he knows they have no friends to look after them he will stay away from court, the prisoner thus going to trial without the lawyer putting in his appearance. In such cases the court very often appoints a lawyer to look after a prisoner, but as I have said before, in some instances these lawyers are careless as they know nothing is to be had from the prisoner. I have had occasion time and again to go and look up a lawyer to remind him of a poor prisoner's case. Of course they never enjoy being reported to the judge, but on this point, indeed, I am not very delicate.

There are some kind and gentlemanly attorneys, however, who have assisted me all they could in helping friend-

less prisoners, though they receive not a penny for the help given.

One day as I entered the colored prison department, I was shown an old white-haired man lying on the bare stones. As I approached him I heard a sob; then I saw he was wiping the tears from his eyes with an old rag, which had once been a handkerchief. I stooped and patted him on the shoulder, saying: "There now, don't cry, sit up, tell me your troubles, perhaps I can help you." As I said this I could not prevent the tears coming to my own eyes. He raised himself on his elbow, rubbed his dim eyes as if in doubt that he saw aright, then looking me over, said, "Poor child, what are you in here for?" I smiled and replied, "To help the friendless." The old gentleman brightened up and exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, honey, do you think you kin help me ter git out'n here?" I said, "Tell me your trouble and I'll see what I can do for you." He smiled then. I thought of sunshine through the rain as I looked on that dear old face, wrinkled with the cares of many years. It was then that he related to me how he got in prison.

"I was taken quite sick in de spring, and de doctor in Bayou Boeuf (some distance from the city) could not break de fever; so my old marster's son, who I had always been living with, 'vised me ter come to de city and take treatment in de hospital. He put me on de train and when de train reached de city de wagin come and tuck me to de Charity Hospital. I was kept there five weeks, den dey said I could go home. No letter come from young marster, and I had no money ter go home. I had fifteen cents one German give me, so I buys a loaf er bread and er piece er ham for ten cents and den I had five cents ter cross de ferry in Algiers. I gits on de track ter walk home. When I walk bout a mile de policeman comes up ter me, and tells me ter git off out'n de track, kase I'm in de way of de kars. I tell him de kars ain't in my way and keep right on walking ter Bayou Boeuf. He kotch up wid me, say he's gwine ter 'rest me. I ax him what fer, he says kase you will walk on de track. I tell him I ain't gwine ter hurt de track. He say I know dat, but de engine will hurt you 'fore you have time ter git out'n de way, um gwine ter lock yer up. I beg him fer ter let me go, but no use. He fetch me fore de judge, de judge say, 'Whar do you live, old man?' I say,

'Bayou Boeuf and I want ter go thar'. The judge say 'How's yer gwine ter git thar?' I say, 'Walk.' He shuck his head and say, 'You too ole, ole man, I sen yer ter de parish prison fer thirty days.' Den dey fotch me in here, chile; it's just like breakin' my heart, kase I know I been 'spectable all my life and never was in jail 'fore dis, den ter see I am put in jail kase um poor and fer trying ter walk home."

The old gentleman broke down here and began to weep bitterly. He said he was nearly ninety years old, surely he didn't look a day younger. I tried to comfort him all I could. I left the prison, crossed the river on the ferry, walked two squares and reached the court building, where I found the judge, who said there was nothing else to do but send the old gentleman where he did; but if I could find a place for him to stay he would give me a release for him. I thanked him, went back to the city, to the Old Folks' Home. They would not receive him there unless I agreed to pay a certain amount of money every month. This I could not do, yet I had given my word as a Christian. I must try my best to get him out, but where to take him I knew not. I concluded to see the Mayor (Mr. Flower). I soon reached the City Hall where I found His Honor, who greeted me with a pleasant smile as he arose and came forward to inquire what he could do for me. I replied, "A good deal." I related the story of the old man and my dilemma, and wound up by asking if he could not send the old man to the Shakespeare Almshouse where the poor of the city are kept. He replied, "Oh, if I might, Mrs. Joseph, but I am afraid I cannot; you know that place is for white." "Only them!" I exclaimed, my voice vibrating with righteous indignation. "Do you mean to tell me, your Honor, there is no place in the city's poor house for an old Negro, who has given the best years of his life to enrich his white masters, to build up his country, and now when he is feeble and without shelter or a single friend, must be cast off as though he were a dumb beast!"

This noble gentleman then hung his head, saying: "I am sorry, but this is true. I know this is not right, but like many others, I don't see how I can change it, but I'll try to help you. I will tell you what I'll do. I will give you a note to the president of the Board. Go and see him, have a talk with him, possibly he will take the old man for you."

Off I hurried, six squares away to see the president of the Board. He was polite, attentive and listened to my pleadings. Then said, "Well, it's against the rules to take colored people in the Almshouse, but I will break this rule to help you out. Here is an order to the Superintendent telling him to admit the old man." I thanked him for his kindness, took the order, went home, for it was then too late to cross the river and get the release. The next day was very stormy, so I was compelled to remain indoors. Friday dawned bright and clear. I was at the prison on time to see the old man and tell him I could remove him that day; but to my surprise the kind-hearted Captain Fulham informed me that the old gentleman became quite ill shortly after I left him, and that he had sent him to the hospital. I thought it best to go to see him before going over the river for the release. Just as I turned the corner from the prison I met the porter in the employ of the T. & P. R. R., whose acquaintance I had formed on a recent trip over that road. He stopped, shook hands with me and asked: "Are you still in the prison work?" "Oh, yes," I answered, "I am on my way now to the hospital to see one of the prisoners who is being treated there." "Oh, I am going there to see someone myself, and if you have no objections, I'll walk along with you." As we proceeded I told him of the old man in whom I was interested. I told him where he was from. He said, "Perhaps I know him, for I know many people in Bayou Boeuf. What is his name?" I told him. He answered, "Well, of course, I know the old man; know him quite well. I'll take him home if you can raise half of his fare." I opened my purse, counted its contents, seventy cents all told. "Well that isn't half, but I'll take it and try to get the old man home if he is better." We reached the hospital and were soon being led through the long scrupulously clean hall by a kind, soft-voiced Sister of Charity, into the wards where the colored males are kept. We found the old man cheerful and begging to be let out as he was feeling well. I told the keeper I had permission to take him out and would like to get him. "Well, where is your order given by the judge," he exclaimed. "Oh, I'll have to go over the river," I said, "to the committing magistrate to get that, and I am quite sure His Honor is gone from the court now, or will be by the

time I reach the court. I wish you would turn him over to me to-day. Here is my address, and you may hold me responsible." As the warden knew me quite well he took my word when I promised to take an order to the captain of the prison in twelve hours from that time. The old man held my hand and kissed it. We left the ward, passed through the yard, then out on the sidewalk where the porter was waiting for him. The old man smiled and smiled again, then laughed outright, saying, "Praise de Lord who answers prayer." Then turning to me he again kissed my hand and said, "My child, God bless you, honey; God bless you. He is gwine ter pay yer sho's yer born. Keep on in de good works. I'll never forget you as long as I live and I'm gwine ter pray fer yer as long's I live. I'm gwine ter pray fer yer tell I draw my last breff." I saw him on the train and waved farewell to that dear old happy face.

I was far from home, weary and penniless. I had not carfare, and there stood a car that would take me within one square of my home for five cents; but I was content to walk. Though penniless I was rich and happy, with a heart singing for joy. Why? Because I had made that poor old soul happy. I had done the Master's will. I could hear His voice whispering, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Yes, my heart was light and free. I had done something for Christ. I walked the distance of two miles feeling I was treading on air. I reached home to find a letter containing $5.00 to help me bear my burdens. This came from Bishop Holley of Port au Prince, Hayti. He had never seen me, but read of my work and sympathized with me the right way. He sent, also, words of comfort and encouragement; and I could understand David the Psalmist more fully then—for the Lord made him sing, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

The next day I went over the river, secured the order of release from the magistrate for the prisoner who had been sent to the hospital, and from there released on my recommendation. I thanked him, took the order to Captain Fulham and felt relieved. I then went into the prison to carry a few stamps and stationery to some prisoners whom I had promised to help.

Having thus finished my mission I passed through the hall to see a poor old white haired mother, weeping as she sat talking to her son who had been arrested the night before for stabbing to death, in a barroom brawl, a friend. As I passed her she arose to her feet, then seemed about to fall when I caught her arm. I tried to comfort her by words of encouragement as I led her out of the prison. "Oh," she said, "you don't know the bitter pains my child has caused me—my child a murderer!" Her blue eyes were bathed in tears, her lips were trembling with emotion as she spoke. I went with this dear old mother to the car and helped her on. Ah, how my heart ached for her! I sent up a prayer to God to comfort her in her distress, for I know a mother's love for her child.

As I was standing on the corner waiting for a car a sweet-faced girl of fourteen years approached me. I kissed her and as I had stood by the deathbed of her mother five years before I felt anxious to know how she was getting on. With this question she hung her head and said: "I am not at home now, I ran away, as papa is always drinking and he is so cruel. When in liquor he will take anything to strike me with." She bared her arm and showed me a cut just above the elbow, more than two inches long. This ugly wound had been made by a knife her father had thrown at her. She said, in answer to my question, "I am staying with some friends of mamma's." I went with her to the place and found they were very nice and respectable, though poor people. After being introduced to this family and having a pleasant chat with them I bade them good-bye, but not until I had given this innocent child some good sound advice. I felt satisfied, however, she was in good hands.

A drunken father, no mother or near relatives, thrown upon the mercies of a cruel world, what little chance would this dear child have to be good and virtuous? Were it not for the kindly feelings of dear friends, what then! How many promising young lives thus placed have been ruined and wrecked!

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGER IN THE CITY.

A few days later I received a letter from a white mother in Alabama, whose son was in prison in New Orleans, charged with being an accessory to pocket-picking. She begged me to see him as though he were my own son and to help him all I could. Such a tender, touching letter full of a mother's love! I could not do otherwise than write, promising to do all I could for her boy, her fatherless child. I went to the prison the next day and had the young man called out into the consulting room, and showed him his mother's letter. He read it, bowed his head, screened his eyes with his left hand while with his right he reached for his handkerchief to dry the fast falling tears. I said to him, "Now come, tell me just how you came into this." He began, "About three weeks ago I bade my mother good-bye, and came to New Orleans to try to set up a dental office, as I thought in a large city there was a better chance than in a small town. I spent all the money I had in fitting up the office. I formed the acquaintance of two young men where I was rooming. They were pretty lively, and I went out with them often. We were all standing in a crowd during the night parade of the Carnival, when two ladies nearby cried out some one had picked their pockets. They pointed out the two young men whom I was with; they were arrested and I with them. We were all searched and some articles found on both of the young men which were subsequently identified by these ladies. I confess I was very much surprised, as I did not think they would do this. Although nothing was found on me, and they were fair enough to tell the officers I took no part in the theft, yet I was charged equally with them. I am perfectly innocent, madam. Well, we were given a preliminary hearing and sent to the criminal court. Now you know it all. I have no money and my poor old mother, nearly eighty years old, and whom I fear this will kill, has none. I have some valuable instruments in my office and—"

"Never mind that," I interrupted. I went over to the court and asked to see the papers of commitment. The docket clerks all knew me and allowed me to read the charges and remarks by the committing magistrate. I was

satisfied. I said to myself, "I believe my boy not guilty." On reaching home I found another letter from the troubled mother. This letter contained $10.00. She told me she had borrowed this, and to try to do all I could to get her son liberated; again asked in her absence that I be a mother to him. Her husband, who was long since dead, was once a United States Senator. I took the money and called on a first-class white lawyer, told him of the young man, his parents, his aged mother, thinking he would sympathize with him and take the case cheap, but he wanted $50, and said he would not take the case for less. I made up my mind to get all the favorable evidence I could from his town, with his mother's help. Having secured this, I took the letters when the trial came up and went as a witness on the stand, proved he had a good character, was never in prison before and was simply a victim of circumstances. The district attorney argued long and hard to convict all three. The case was given to the jury, they were out about an hour when they filed into court, rendered a verdict of guilty for two; but my boy was liberated. I had the ten dollars his poor mother sent, placed it in his hand and told him to go home to his dear old mother. He handed the money back to me, saying he wished he could give me fifty times as much. I wrote a long letter telling the mother that her son was free. In the meantime he had disposed of such instruments as he could and boarded a train for home. She wrote thanking me as only a grateful mother could. I was happy because I had made these happy. God helped him to return to his aged mother as did the Prodigal Son. Let this also be a caution to young men as to the company they select.

The next week found me again in the prison yard. The white prisoners were lined up. I was asking them the usual question: "Does anyone want me to write a letter for him, hunt up his lawyer or carry a message? If so, leave the line." Only one came over to me. He spoke in a low tone, saying: "I wish to speak to you privately." "All right," I answered, "come this way." The deputy sheriff let us into the consulting room, and he related his troubles to me as follows: "Just two weeks ago I was married by a certain judge at 10 o'clock a. m. I returned with my wife to her home, and left her there with our two friends who had served as witnesses to the marriage. I went back to the

judge to get information as to how I might keep our marriage out of the newspapers as my wife was still wearing her long mourning veil for her husband. He had been dead only five months, and we had agreed to live apart till she had been a widow one year, when we were to live together and announce our wedding. On my return I passed a saloon. A female whom I had occasionally visited emerged from the door. She sprang at me and accused me of having jilted her for the wealthy widow. She tore my shirt front out, then hung onto me as I vainly tried to free myself from her. The police came, arrested us both. I tried to explain, but he would not listen to me. He placed us in the patrol and drove off to the prison. I sent a note to my friend, who had served as best man, asking him to come to me. He came and I explained the case to him and begged him to tell my wife how it all happened, as I heard this trouble was published in the evening papers and that it was stated that I had gone to the woman's house to fight her. My friend promised he would do as I asked him and would return to tell me how my wife took it. He did return and told me she had sworn never to see me again as I had left her before I had even time to kiss her as my wife, and sought the company of this vile creature which resulted in a public scandal and newspaper sensation. She said she was going to have the marriage set aside and obtain a divorce as soon as possible without publicity. To make matters worse, I have not the money to pay my fine. I had ten dollars, but gave that to the lawyer. I gave all the money I had, seventy dollars, to my wife. I am a conductor on one of the railroads running out of the city. I have no friends here to borrow of, but I feel that you can help me, if you will, and when I am out of this I shall not forget you. What I desire you to do for me is this: Please go and see my wife and talk to her. I think she will hear you and possibly pay my fine." With this he was crying.

"Very well," I replied, "give me her address and I'll go and have a talk with her." I went to see the lady, notwithstanding it was after two o'clock and I had had nothing but tea since morning at six. Opposite was a restaurant, but being a Negro the laws of my state prevented my being served. I boarded a car. In a little while I left it and found the house of the widow. The house was such an aristocratic

one, I feared I had made a mistake. However, I rang the bell and a maid came to the door, when I asked if Mrs. B. was in. She answered "Yes," and I handed her my card. She invited me into the parlor, where her madam entered holding my card in her hand and eyeing me rather curiously. I arose, approached her asking, "Are you Mrs. B.?" "Yes," she answered. As the maid was still lingering in the parlor I inquired, "May I see you alone, please?" She turned to the maid saying, "You may leave us now." She bade me be seated, asking, "What is your mission?"

I began: "A gentleman in prison requested me to come and see you." Flushing and looking somewhat excited, she answered, "Yes, I know, and I do not wish to hear anything from him. I have received all of his messages through his friend. I am disappointed in him. No gentleman would do what he has done. I am perfectly decided in the matter." It developed during her angry and hasty remarks that she was acting solely upon the advice and suggestion of the gentleman who had carried the messages, and who was, himself, desperately in love with Mrs. B., and thinking this was his opportunity, had endeavored to make the best of the situation.

I felt satisfied that if the friend of the prisoner were true and repeated the truth of the case, there would be no doubt as to the bride sympathizing with her husband and that she would stand by him if she loved him.

I felt anxious to have her know the whole truth, although her rage was at its highest pitch at that moment. Just how to get her to listen to reason was the thing that most perplexed me.

I had seen the prisoner's railroad papers, also the marriage certificate. He was such a genteel looking man I saw at once he was respectable and such he proved to be. He had explained that he did not want the railroad officials to know of the trouble for fear of losing his position. The wife did not want the other matter made public either, for she did not want even her relatives to know of the marriage. I said to her: "Do you not know that you could not secure a divorce without some publicity? Do you not know you would have to prove yourself justified in suing for divorce? Do you not love the man whom you married? Do you not know there are two sides to this story? Have

the newspapers and friends so taken possession of you that you refuse positively to hear your husband's side of the story? I believe from his conversation with me that he loves you, and as a Christian, I would ask you to go to see him. Would you divorce yourself from him for a matter over which he might not have had control at the time being? Won't you at least pay his fine, which is $25.00, that he may not lose his position?" Finally she agreed to go to the prison if I would accompany her, to see him. At about three o'clock p. m. we reached the prison. I had the deputy call the prisoner out into the consulting room, where he and his wife engaged in a private conversation. I left them to their fate, thinking I had done well under the circumstances.

Two days later she called to see me, expressed her thankfulness, showed her good sense in taking my advice, saying her husband loved her, and that he was blameless for the occurrence; that his fine had been paid, he had been liberated and had gone on the road to resume his work. At the end of one year, as agreed, their wedding was announced and they went to housekeeping with much joy and happiness. They both remembered me.

God is always ready to bring peace out of confusion, to make the hilly way level and the crooked path straight. I thank Him for having helped me in bringing about this peace and reconciliation. There are a good many more criminals out of prison than there are in, their minds filled with vice.

CHAPTER IV.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

One morning as I entered the yard for colored prisoners I noticed a little fellow of about twelve years among the male prisoners. I called him and asked him on what charge he had been brought in. He replied, "The peeler took me in; I was with some larger boys who had picked up old iron on the levee and we are waiting to be tried." I took the names of the boys, then went to the District Attorney and begged him to have the boys brought to trial as soon as possible. They were tried and discharged two weeks later while I was at Baton Rouge, La., trying to get evidence that would justify me in applying for a commuta-

tion of sentence for a deserving prisoner whom I was desirous of keeping from the State Prison.

One month after the discharge of the boys I visited the prison yard, and to my sorrow I espied Achille Roberts, took him to one side and asked, "Now, what are you doing here again?" He hung his head and said, "Sister Joseph, I promised you not to do anything to get me back here. That first time I had done no wrong; I met 'Long Jim' and 'Slickey' in here and their time was up the same day I got out. They told me to come with them to their home, that they would give me good clothes and plenty to eat. I had to beg when I was living with Aunt Martha, so I thought I would go with them. They would sleep all day and go out only at night. They would always have a plenty of canned goods and hams in their house. One night they made me go out with them. They went to a large wholesale grocery store with a wagon. They broke open the transom and made me crawl through it. I jumped down inside, unbolted the doors and let them in. They stole four sacks of coffee, a keg of whiskey and some other things. We were caught as the wagon was going off. We were all brought here and we are charged with breaking and entering in the night time." As he confessed, the tears were falling fast and I felt I was guilty of the sin of omission, for had I taken charge of him that first time I would have kept him from this. Achille was tried with the men. All were sentenced to five years of hard labor at the State Prison. Six months later I went to the State Prison to try and get the official to recommend a pardon for this child. I found him in the prison hospital sick with pneumonia. He recognized me, and gave me his feeble hand saying, "Sister, I am so glad you have come. I have been wanting to see you to tell you I am never to do another wrong thing. Now, won't you sing that hymn you used to make us sing in the prison yard?" I consented and sang:

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord.
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, O, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

I held his hand, then prayed for him. He pressed my hand. I sang "Jesus Lover of my Soul," and in a few minutes left him.

Having left a post-card with a convalescent prisoner, he wrote me three days later that Achille was dead. There being no relatives to claim the orphan's remains, he was buried in an unmarked grave. It was well he died, as living, he might have gone on with the criminals, made such by the state in its school of vice.

Achille has passed from time but not from memory. Ever and anon, I see that pale-faced child dying in the prison hospital, friendless, with no earthly hope—nothing to live for. I now know what David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, felt when he said: "I wandered up and down and no man cared for my soul."

The following letter was written me by a white man, telling me of a prisoner who was so cruelly treated that he committed suicide to relieve himself of the daily whippings:

"Angola, La., August 3, 1902.

Sister Frances Joseph,

New Orleans, La.

"Dear Sister—No doubt you will be surprised at the perusal of this letter. But believe me, dear Sister, I write this in the name of humanity, knowing you to be kind and humane at all times and in all cases and to take up a just cause. I am a white man and notwithstanding that I thought it my duty in the name of the Almighty God and in the name of humanity that I should inform you of something that happened to one of your own color who was a

convict on Angola farm. On the morning of July 25, there was a watch stolen from one of the brickmasons now at work on the farm. Convict A. Masino, colored, happened to be cooking for the masons on the day above mentioned when the watch was stolen; and of course, he being a prisoner, was accused of the theft. Well, he was ordered by the manager of the farm, H. M. Rhodes by name, to be lashed by the Captain in charge of quarters, B. Blackmore by name. Well, he was lashed that morning and protested his innocence. Notwithstanding that, he was lashed every morning up to August 3, he still protesting his innocence. This morning, when he was brought to work, he was asked where he had put the watch and he told them that he had put it at the landing by the river side. When he got by himself he told them he would get the watch from the water. Well, being so frightened and threatened with another lashing, he jumped into the river and committed suicide, and there was no effort made to save him. Having only one arm he was unable to swim out, and at this writing, noon time, August 3, his body still lies at the bottom of the Mississippi river.

"Now, dear Sister, I have told you all I know, and all I ask you is to make an investigation of this, and in the name of the Almighty God, see that justice is done for the sake of the poor unfortunate prisoners on this farm, who have no show for their lives.

"I will withhold my name for reasons best known to myself."

I took this matter up with the proper authorities with the following result:

BOARD OF CONTROL, STATE PENITENTIARY

C. Harrison Parker, President. **R. N. Sims** **G. A. Killgore,** Treas. and Secty.

(Seal) Baton Rouge, La., Aug. 14, 1902.

Governor W. W. Heard,

Governor of Louisiana.

Sir—Enclosed herewith please find copy of letter written by Warden Reynaud giving fully the facts concerning

the drowning of Prisoner Alphonse Masino, together with a letter making inquiry concerning this matter which you directed to us for report.

Respectfully,
(Signed) **C. Harrison Parker,**
President.

2 enclosures.

"State of Louisiana, Executive Department, Baton Rouge.
"August 18, 1902.

"Mrs. Frances A. Joseph,
2611 St. Ann Street,
New Orleans, La.

"Dear Madam—The Governor directs me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, enclosing copy of an anonymous letter from the convict farm alleging harsh and cruel treatment of the convict Alphonse Masino, who was drowned a short while ago.

"In reply, the Governor desires to say that he had heard of the unfortunate occurrence before receiving your letter, and had made inquiries as to the facts, but not remembering them in detail he referred your letter to the Board of Control, who replied that they would make an official investigation and report the result to him. This report has been made and it is herewith enclosed.

"The Governor on his recent visit to Angola took occasion, besides, to make special inquiries into this case. The manager told the Governor that there was no doubt that Masino had stolen the watch of a colored brick mason and when charged with this theft Masino ran away and, as stated in the report, he was gone for one night and part of two days before his capture. He served in the capacity of a "trusty," which means that he was not required to work in the sun and was given certain privileges not accorded to the other convicts. For this theft he was given ten lashes and on the day following, eleven more as a punishment for running away. This was all the punishment inflicted upon him. He was then put back under the guards and on the morning of the 3rd, of his own motion, he told the Sergeant that if he would go with him he would take him (the Sergeant) to the place where he had buried the watch. Before starting the prisoner had soiled his clothes and he asked permission to go to the river to wash himself. On arriving

there, he stripped, washed his clothes and then got into deep water, making no effort to save himself. A pole was extended to him which he would not seize and other convicts formed a chain by holding each other by the hand to endeavor to save him. But Masino refused all this assistance and was drowned.

"It seems that he had taken some kind of mixture, the nature of which had not yet been ascertained in the examination of a vial found in his possession, which had produced a violent irritation of his bowels. The manager was of the opinion that Masino either committed suicide or was seized with a cramp while in the water.

"No cruel or inhuman treatment of the convicts is permitted and the Governor feels sure that those in charge of the convicts carry out the instructions of the Board of Control.

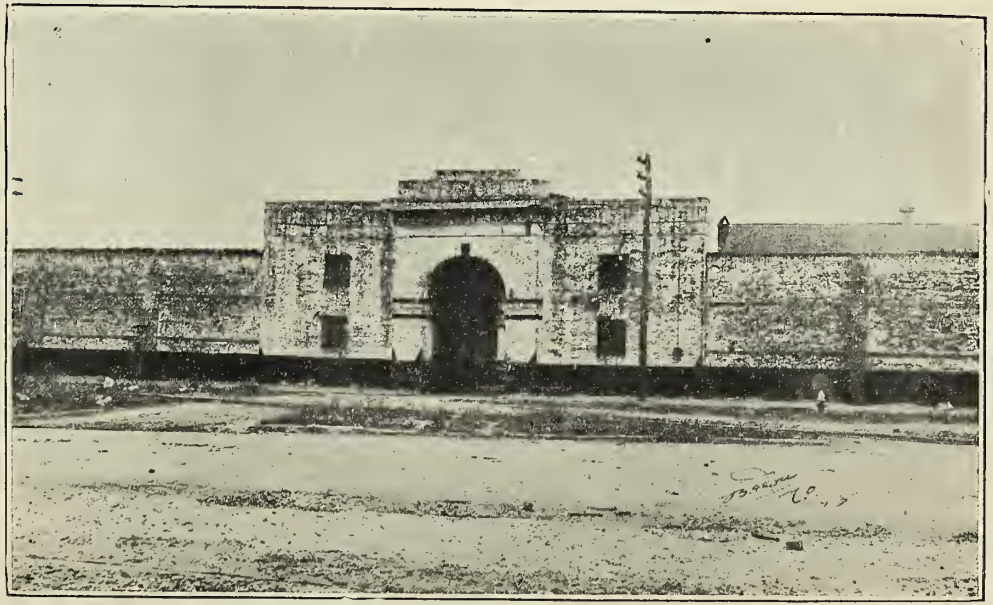
"Very respectfully,

"(Signed) **Leon Jastremski,**
Private Secretary."

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD WORKHOUSE.

When Masino realized there was no redemption for him from this miserable life of torture he was almost fit for the insane asylum; no, not that, for I would rather someone would kill me than put me into some of the insane asylums. One keeper of an asylum in Louisiana would strangle fractious patients in a large bath-tub of water, and when the patients were more dead than alive, resuscitate them. On one of these occasions, the patient never came to. When indigent, insane people are found a policeman goes and arrests them. They are taken to the prison and locked up. When the Coroner has nothing to do, he goes out to see them. Sometimes it takes him over a week to do so. I have seen in a prison a white woman on one of the coldest days in January, with only an old piece of jute bagging tied around her lower limbs and an old alpaca coat covering her body, her bare feet blue and sore from exposure. In the same old workhouse was a colored woman perfectly nude, locked in a cell. There was no heat for either of them, for the old place had no heater or place to make fire. These



THE OLD WORK-HOUSE.

sights made me a beggar. I begged clothes from both my white and colored friends. I looked like a Santa Claus going to the jail every day for a week, until I had all clad. I have often thought of the cruelty of arresting people, arraigning them in a court before a judge, who sentences the sick to pay a fine or suffer imprisonment for 30 or 60 days while they are under the influence of cocaine or opium. In advanced cases he places them in prison to await examination by the coroner who may keep them waiting from one to three months before deportation to an asylum be made. The fines collected from those who are addicted to the use of the above deadly drugs are placed in the City's treasury to help pay the judge who imposes the fine. Some of these poor weak creatures are made fiends through careless physicians who use the drug to allay every little pain the flesh is heir to, thus creating victims to a most baneful practice.

The old workhouse has given me many anxious moments; it is situated at the corner of the old Girod Cemetery, taking about a half square of ground. Here several old one-story buildings were used to house the prisoners and the city's indigent insane. The long halls, about 20x60 feet, with rows of shelves on either side, were used for the prisoner's sleeping quarters. As I have already stated there was no way to heat these places in winter, and the suffering of these unfortunates was pitiable.

I have gone to the workhouse to carry a Jewish boy some salve to put on an ugly sore, and some rose water for a colored girl to wash her eyes. I have heard rumors about the superintendent's conduct toward the women prisoners, and saw him in one of the dormitories patting a German girl on her shoulder. She did not seem to like his familiarity or his words. When he was gone, I got a chance to speak to her, and asked her if he was kind. She answered me, "No, unless he can do as he likes with you." I asked what that was. She replied, "Say nothing when he comes in the ward at night." I asked if she would be willing to repeat this and she said she could not; that she would get a good dose of the dungeon, and bread and water. She had not been long in America, she was working out in a family, went to a Sunday picnic, got into a row with another girl, when both were arrested and fined ten dollars or thirty

days at the workhouse, and as no one paid her fine she was incarcerated.

I had heard some ugly rumors concerning the conduct of the superintendent and keepers of this place; the men had charge of the keys that locked the doors of the women's cells as there were no night matrons.

Mr. Patrick Westfeldt, one of the officers of the Prison Reform Association, which was organized several years after I started in the work, sent me a message, requesting me to go to this place and get a baby from a crazy woman who had been arrested that day on the streets. March 3rd was a cold day. I went to a friend's house on the way to the prison and requested her to go with me. She consented. When we arrived at the prison it was 8:30 p. m. I knocked and was admitted with my friend, Mrs. Sarofield. The superintendent had been drinking; his foul breath and unsteady gait told that. When I told him my mission he began cursing and abusing the Prison Reform Association for sending me with an order for the baby. He took a lantern, bade us follow him, which we did. He unlocked the long barn-like dormitory and stepped inside. We followed, looking on either side of the place where women were stretched on bare shelves, shivering under their light covering of old ragged blankets—and well might we say with Burns: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." At the very end we came upon the crazy woman and her babe of seven months. Another woman had squeezed on the shelf with her and they were trying to keep the baby warm between them. I asked the crazy woman to let me take the baby with me to my home for the night, where it would be kept comfortable, and on the morrow I would get her out. She clung to her baby and would not let me have it nor even touch it, and answered, "No, Sister Joseph, you take us both out to-night." I then recognized by the superintendent's dirty lantern the crazy girl I had seen in that same prison sixteen months before, a pretty young mulattress of fifteen years, who had attempted to kill her father while in a fit. She had been under the superintendent's charge for ninety days. The baby was the fruit of that first imprisonment. The superintendent grew impatient at my pleading with the crazy woman and said, "Oh, get away, and let me throw her down. I'll put

my knee on her breast and take the baby for you." I said, "No, don't use violence; I have brought a cape with me; I will let her have it to keep the baby warm." I sent out and got it some warm milk. On leaving the place the superintendent stooped and caressing one of the women lying on the shelf, told her he would be back when he let us out, and spend a while with her. The words he used were too vile to record. It was a few steps to the gate, and when we were in the street again, my friend, being angry at what we had seen and heard, vowed never to go with me again. I too was shocked, but with uplifted hand I vowed not to rest until that man was out of that position and the conditions in that jail changed. There were no matrons and those men, made careless and vicious by drink, were in charge of those weak and unfortunate women fourteen hours out of twenty-four. Instead of the city reforming these unfortunates, they were being degraded by the city's employees.

Early the next morning I was in the Mayor's parlors at the City Hall, telling him of my unpleasant experience of the night before. Mayor Flower was shocked and pained, and asked if I could repeat my story to the Commissioner of Police and Public Buildings. I replied I could, whereupon he set an hour for me to come back. During the interval I went to tell Mr. Westfeldt, one of God's own noblemen. He was one of the officers of the Prison Reform Association. He said, "We have been expecting something like this. I will go with you to the City Hall and meet the Commissioner and the Mayor at the hour stated and hear the charges." His office was about four squares away from the City Hall. It was then two o'clock. We walked together to the City Hall, went into the Mayor's parlors, whence we were directed into the secretary's office, where the Commissioner, Mr. Murphy, was awaiting us with Mr. Mehle, the president of the City Council. I had to repeat the whole ugly truth. The proper charges were preferred, the superintendent immediately suspended and the case placd in the hands of the Public Order Committee of the City Council. The date was set for the trial and then my troubles began. I was between two fires. The friends of the superintendent wrote me threatening letters. My own friends begged me to withdraw the charges or modify them. This I refused to do, saying, if the enemy killed me for

exposing the filthiest place in the state I would glorify God for allowing me to die a martyr to a righteous cause. I hoped and was undismayed. I knew that God knew my sorrows, and counted my tears. He would lift up my head.

The two weeks passed. The night for the trial came. I was on time, as was Mrs. Sarofield, my witness. The trial was held in the Council Chamber. The guilty superintendent was present. The Chairman had the Secretary read the charges and I was asked if they were correct and replied, "Yes." The superintendent was asked if he was guilty. He replied, "No," and asked the Chairman if he would entertain a charge made by a Negro woman against a white man. That noble Chairman said, "Yes, she has a right." The superintendent asked, "What right?" I asked the Chairman to please let me answer, which he did. I replied, "The right of a respectable, law-abiding citizen and property owner, whose taxes help to pay your salary and to whom you are amenable." There was no further question of right. They heard my witness and the men of the committee questioned me closely, but when the superintendent tried to have us repeat his exact language, those gentlemen refused to make us undergo that humiliation. We proved beyond a doubt that he was drunk and took undue liberties with his women prisoners. He begged the committee to defer their decision until a week later that he might locate the woman I had accused him of being unduly familiar with. This was granted. It was twelve o'clock at night when I left the City Hall, feeling sure God would help me come out with victory at the end.

On the day set I received my notice to be at the meeting at the City Hall at 7:30 p. m., and my witness and I were on time. The superintendent had the woman on hand. She testified that the superintendent had never insulted her in his life. I then asked the superintendent if this poor abandoned creature who lived a life of shame, more often in jail than out, more often drunk than sober, could be insulted; or tell us what would be an insult to her. They decided they could not say anything to shock her modesty or bring the blushes of shame to her cheek. One of the committee wanted to know if I had any malice toward the superintendent. My answer was "No." I simply wanted him removed from the city's house of correction because he had turned it into a house of ill-fame for his own private use, for which the city



THE NEW WORK-HOUSE, OR THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.

was paying him a salary. The committee went into a private session. They hated to discharge him, as he had been helpful in getting that administration in, so reached a compromise. They fined him $75.00, reprimanded him, and told him to be careful in the future. The city's power, the Press, was not satisfied and kept at him until he was removed. This exposure caused the authorities to place matrons in the prisons at night and brought forth the letter from Mr. Murphy in the introductory pages. The gentlemen of the Council were most kind and courteous, in fact most of the men of Louisiana have treated me with the greatest respect and have encouraged and helped me in my work. If it were not for them and the noble white women of my state, I would have fainted long since.

Col. James Zacharie, a member of the City Council, read my report of the conditions at the old workhouse. He and others visited it, and started a movement to build a new prison. A handsome brick structure was erected in Tulane Avenue, and named the House of Detention. Under Commissioner Pujol and Capt. Picheloup everything is kept as neat and clean as can be. The old workhouse is now used to house the stray animals found in the city streets.

I wish to say that there are some white men and women just as noble in the State of Louisiana as may be found anywhere on earth. They believe in justice to all, white or black, rich or poor. I have seen a white man risk his life for a Negro man, and a white woman risk her good repute to help a sick Negro woman. The kindly help of the above class of Christian white people has caused my race to be more patient amid the many insults and acts of injustice inflicted upon them by the less human whites.

The Era Club of New Orleans, composed of the leading white women of the city, became aroused at the exposure I brought about in the workhouse and encouraged me to go forward; they would help me. They invited me to appear before a Committee of the Club and assured me of their hearty support. They then took up the jail and court work, looking to their improvement. Through the efforts of the Era Club the much needed Juvenile Court was brought into existence in July, 1903.

For a long time I begged clothes for the city's indigent insane. I called the attention of the Prison Reform Asso-

ciation to this and they had the Budget Committee appropriate a little sum each year for this purpose. I am hoping to hear of an appropriation to buy clothing for the prisoners who are kept in the Parish Prison from one to six months. Those who have no relatives or friends to furnish clothing have a hard time to keep clean and hide their person. Should they get caught in a rain while at work they must let their clothes dry on them. Many have had to spend days in the prison hospital being treated for colds contracted in this way. Often the sheriff and deputies are scored for the presence of vermin in the prison when the Mayor or the City Fathers are to blame for not providing means and changes for the prisons. I have seen men wear one suit of clothes nearly six months.

The prison officials, with but few exceptions, are good men, doing the best they can with the little money and supplies. All the state prisons I have visited furnish clothing for the inmates. If cleanliness is next to Godliness, then do let us have more cleanliness. This can only be done by the authorities furnishing that very necessary change of clothes to each prisoner. This is done in England, Ireland and Scotland. There the prisoners' clothes are taken off as soon as they come in, it matters not if only for a day. They are made to bathe and the clean clothes are given them and theirs are fumigated, washed and ironed, after which they are bundled, numbered and put away for the prisoners when they are released. When they go to trial their clothes are given them and the prison clothes are turned over to the matron to be made ready for some other prisoner.

Mr. J. Watts Kearney, another one of our city's true and noble men, while President of the Prison Reform Association, often gave me an order on some large dry goods store to get goods to make shirts for the prisoners. I have stood for hours cutting out garments in the women's department for them to sew, thus keeping their idle fingers busy. In this way we had on hand a supply of shirts and skirts for the prisoners who had none.

I have ofttimes taken my own money, gone to second-hand dealers and bought shoes, carried them to the prison and fitted up barefooted white and black prisoners, in winter to keep them from suffering the pain of frostbites.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REMEDY.

I am asked the question, "What would you do to prevent crime?" "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Knowing this I would give every child a good common school education with manual training and compel each to learn a trade, for I have observed in my travels through the State Prisons that fully ninety per cent of the prisoners have no trade. People who have trades are too busy earning a living to get into trouble.

A system of education which does not begin in the primary grade to develop and train the body and limbs as well as the mind is radically deficient. Executive ability is developed through the process of body discipline which should be part of the public school training. The above helps the child to gain will power before which difficulties vanish and through which successes must come if such are possible under any circumstances. Plato, the ancient philosopher, said, "To educate the mind and morals without training the body develops a cripple." Each child ought to be taught and encouraged to have a purpose in life, some object in view to work up to. For what Carlyle says of life we may well say of the intellectual life in particular: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder, a waif, a nothing, a no man." Drifting with the tide, bound for no port.

Each child ought to be examined for such afflictions as will retard his progress in developing along all lines. Such diseases as adenoids, afflicted tonsils, tongue-tie, weak eyes, etc., can be often cured with a single operation. The State should see that each child of school age is examined by a physician and the necessary steps taken to help it to begin school unhampered, thus reducing the number from which our criminal rank are usually recruited.

Every state should have a well equipped industrial and agricultural school; this is just as necessary to its success as oil is to machinery. This school should be situated in the suburbs of the largest city of the state, so that a market could be had near at hand to dispose of the school products.

The school should be largely supported by the state to be a success.

Every industrial school can have a home department with very little extra cost. Children should be removed from immoral surroundings and trained for lives of usefulness.

Where there is not a state industrial and agricultural school there should be an association formed. To do this, call a mass meeting in a large central church, have good speakers and music interspersed to create interest for the project. Then proceed to organize an association, appoint a committee to draw up by-laws, have same chartered according to the state laws. Have an office and proceed to keep the work before the public through the newspapers and make appeals for money. Be sure to have honest, respectable people at the head, have treasurer give bond to hold money collected. Ask for donation of land and property. Some one person must give all his time to the work.

When proper site is found, elect from the association persons to serve on the board of managers who will make rules to govern the institution and supply all its wants. The chief promoter must be a strong Christian who will not believe in failure; he should take Sam Jones' advice: "Leave their feelings locked up at home, for they will be sure to meet some fool on the way who will hurt them."

Have a law made in your state authorizing the proper authorities to take children from immoral surroundings and send them where they can be properly trained. This will save souls and money to the State. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

This really means going to the seat of the criminal trouble, cleaning the fountain instead of working with the old people who are in the stream of crime. If this course is pursued it will reduce crime to a minimum, save money to the State, lessen its criminals and reduce its prisons. I have reached this conclusion after studying criminology over fifteen years in America and Europe.

The following stanzas were clipped from a London paper and express my thoughts precisely:

Avoiding Accidents at a Cliff.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke, and full many a peasant;

So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not all tally.
Some said, "Put a fence around the edge of the cliff;"
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day;
For it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff;
And the dwellers in highway and valley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,
"And if folks even slip and are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
As the shock down below—when they're stopping;"
So day after day, as these mishaps occurred,
Quick forth would these rescuers sally,
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause
When they'd much better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;
If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley."

"Oh! he's a fanatic," the others rejoined;
"He'd stop all our Christian endeavor—
"Dispense with all charities, too, if he could;

But no! We'll support them forever!
Aren't we picking folk up just as fast as they fall?
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence
While their ambulance works in the valley?"

But a sensible few, who are practical, too,
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer;
They believe that prevention is better than cure,
And their party will soon be the stronger.
Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice and pen,
And (while other philanthropists daily),
They will scorn all pretence, and put a stout fence
On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,
For the voice of true wisdom is calling;
"To rescue the fallen is good, but it's best
To prevent other people from falling."
Better close up the source of temptation and crime
Than deliver from dungeon or galley;
Better put a strong fence round the top of the cliff
Than an ambulance down in the valley.

An article entitled "The Cost of Crime in the United States," by Rev. John J. Munro, Chaplain to the Prison Evangelistic Society of New York, which appeared in Harper's Weekly, is one of great interest, not only to the student of criminology and the sociologists, but to every individual. The article, which is the product of a great deal of research, the data being extremely difficult of acquirement, shows that the cost of crime in this country during the year 1906 reached the stupendous total of more than $1,000,000,000. The cost of crime is a remarkable field for economic investigation, as it is something which enters into practically every department of our existence. In 1906 twenty-five per cent of the $130,000,000 and more raised by taxation for the running expenses of the city of Greater New York were spent in the repression and correction of crime. This will give one an idea of the general cost of crime throughout the country. Mr. Munro, in this article, has gone into numerous details of expenditure both by States and the National Government in order to arrive at these conclusions.

In 1906 nearly twenty-five per cent of the taxes received in the State of Louisiana was spent for the repression and on account of crime. Well might we say with Longfellow:

"If half the power that fills the world with terror;
If half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Were given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts."

Here are some facts: Ada Juke was born in New York City in 1740 and died at the age of 64 years, a drunkard, a thief and a tramp. Her descendants have numbered 834. The record of 709 of them have been traced from youth to death; 106 were illegitimates; 142 beggars; 64 lived off charity; 76 were convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder; 181 women lived disreputable lives; the remainder were more or less addicted to drink. It is estimated that this woman and her descendants have already cost taxpayers over $125,000,000. She was illegitimate, illiterate, idle and addicted to drink. Truly the devil found much work for her idle hands to do. What a difference between her life and the life of President Jonathan Edwards and his offspring. How different! He and his descendants made the world better, blessing humanity through countless ages. They gave to the world priceless good in words and deeds.

Again, I must urge, let us have compulsory Christian education combined with manual training in every community. Ignorant people break the laws of the land and God with impunity, having very little knowledge of right and wrong. Nearly all the men who commit heinous crimes are ignorant, idle beings, without trades. With their animal natures highly developed, they form the subjects and excuse for "Judge Lynch," that atrocious American institution, and they beget their own kind even should they mate with good individuals. There are two forces ever contending in their offspring for supremacy. More often the tendency to do wrong will win in the battle. The individual will fall and travel with little will-power left to oppose the temptation. Often we find the road to right hard, while the road to wrong is easy and pleasant; yes, even tempting to the weak, vacillating human being.

I would to God every State in the Union would abolish the leasing of its convicts to contractors. No more diabolical plan was ever hatched to punish the erring citizen. The contractor works the prisoners early and late with poor food, bad sleeping quarters, the consequence being a high death rate. Very little, if any, reformatory measures are used.

The State of Louisiana tried this scheme to its shame and sorrow. Men coming from the prison, after serving their terms, were worse than when they entered, feeling that they owed society a grudge that could only be paid by committing more crimes.

Since 1901 Louisiana cares for its own prisoners. The Board of Control and the General Superintendent are appointed by the Governor, and he is recommended for his patience, tact, executive ability and also kindness and sternness must be inherent in them to a great degree. The best man I have known in this position is the superintendent of the county jail in Chicago, Ill., Mr. Whitman. He rules his prisoners with love. They all regard him as their friend and brother and are ever ready to obey his least wish. His prison discipline was the finest I have ever seen, and I have visited twenty-two state prisons, and those of Ireland, Scotland, England and France. To know Mr. Whitman is to admire him.

All prisoners should be urged and taught to raise the food they eat. Their coming in contact with the soil, watching the seeds as they burst through the earth putting forth their sprouts, turns their thoughts to God, the giver of life. This softens the hard heart and creates interest in all growing things. The authorities should sell the surplus product and after all expenses are deducted the profit could be placed to the credit of the prisoners and a portion sent to their families to keep them from becoming a charge on the community during the prisoner's incarceration.

This system would prevent much suffering among the innocent ones of the prisoners' families. I have seen sick wives and hungry babies appealing for food and shelter. The father and husband had plenty to eat while working in prison putting money in the Government Treasury. When there is no family to support the money could be saved against the day of his discharge and given him to start life

anew. Where there is a life sentence the State might keep his share and apply it to charity.

This system would create more respect for the authorities and I believe make prisoners more industrious and amenable to prison rules, creating in them a desire to prepare for a better life in the future when free from jail sentence.

The State of Louisiana has bought three plantations with the money earned by the prisoners. The prisoners work these, netting a fine profit to the State. The report for 1907 showed that the State made clear of expenses, by its prison labor, the sum of $71,076.94. The death rate was decreased and there is less sickness and dissatisfaction among the prisoners. They have not increased in ratio to the population. This means that the people are either getting better or the crude reformatory measures, lately put into practice, are giving satisfactory results.

The total population of Louisiana, census of 1910, is 1,656,388. Of these, 713,874 are colored. The population has grown since the last census because of the thousands of white immigrants arriving recently from European countries.

There were received at the State Prison for fourteen years the following number of prisoners:

1894	633	1901	548
1895	601	1902	573
1896	527	1903	477
1897	572	1904	501
1898	549	1905	559
1899	515	1906	720
1900	595	1907	664

A total of 8,034 prisoners, or an average of 574 prisoners per year. The death rate under the lease was up to ninety-eight per thousand; under the present system of captain and trustee, appointed by the Governor, the death rate is fourteen per thousand.

Most of the prisoners are convicted for larceny. The white thief differs from the colored, in that the latter steals fine clothing, food or drink, while the white will rob the state treasury, a bank or the railroads. The white man's opportunities are greater, therefore his stealings are larger. When the white man kills it is sometimes called murder,

manslaughter, or killing in self-defense, according to his means or station in life, his social status and that of the man he has killed, his politics, etc., all of which must be brought to bear before he is tried before a jury of his peers, when he may escape punishment. In the case of the Negro none of these are considered. This is in no wise an excuse for my people. They ought to be most Christ-like. Having so lately been given their freedom they ought to be too busy serving God and seizing every opportunity to better their lives than to have any time to break the laws.

However, I am encouraged and take much comfort in the fact that crime is on the decrease among colored people; recent figures obtained from New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, the states to which Negroes seem to migrate in largest numbers, have all testified to this. The population everywhere is steadily increasing.

In a letter from the District Attorney of the City of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, he stated the colored population of Milwaukee county is about 3,000; during 1911 he had occasion to prosecute only three colored persons for felonies in the criminal courts, only one of these for larceny, the other two for assault and battery; he goes on to say the percentage of crime among the colored people is very low and far less proportionately than that of any other race or nationality.

I attribute the decrease in crime to better facilities to educate the ignorant in our midst; second, to the work of evangelists and the prison reform associations.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

I know my people would have been better off had they let the white man's beer and liquor alone. My people remind me of the monkey in this respect; they don't know when to stop. A gentleman bought a monkey from a friend and thought it was a good thing to amuse his wife. The monkey did everything he saw his owner do and thus became a nuisance. One day the monkey cut the gentleman's wife's hair while she slept. He became angry at this, tried to sell it, and when he found no one would buy it, tried to give the monkey away, but could not get anyone to take it. He could

not kill it, so devised a plan to get rid of it. He got his shaving materials together, sat the monkey on the dresser where he could see, lathered his face, shaved it, wiped the razor on his hand, then drew the back of the razor across his throat, and left the room; locking the monkey alone with the shaving materials, he peeped through the keyhole to watch results. The monkey was an apt scholar, but he used the blade of the razor on his throat instead of the back, and was soon dead as a result.

My race would have accomplished wonders if it had not given so much time to frivolities; they have made greater progress in forty-eight years than any other race on earth; their growth has been phenomenal along all lines. In the last census taken by the United States, the Negro population was estimated at 10,000,000. The census taken overlooked the 5,000,000 Negroes who are posing as whites. This would bring the total Negro population to 15,000,000. When one considers my race was freed January 1, 1863, without a home or a dollar, turned loose like stock to wander where they would, God led and wonderfully provided for them.

There is no race more patient and forgiving than the Negro, and this is not because he lacks courage, but because he prefers peace; for on the battle field he has proven himself the equal to any race. Permit me to refer you to the brave Toussaint l'Ouverture, the West Indian slave, who so readily responded to the call that demanded his assistance to relieve the sufferings of his race, or Dessaline, his successor, or Menelik of Africa, who traces his ancestry back to King Solomon.

Again, recount his brave deeds in the Mexican War, or the Civil War in which he so freely poured out his life's blood that he might enjoy the rights and privileges that the Great God intended; or in the Cuban War, in which he so valiantly distinguished himself as a warrior, when he marched to victory through the thickest shots and shells, through water to his neck, through briars and underbrush, flesh torn and bleeding when he marched up San Juan Hill, singing as he went.

If my people would have been more grateful to God they would have been better off to-day. There has not

been enough gratitude shown our God for His many blessings. On January 1, every church owned by colored people ought to have been crowded with grateful worshippers, thanking God for the day and such martyrs as the Immortal Lincoln, Wilberforce, Garrison, Brown, Wendell Phillips, Harriet Beecher Stowe and others.

Our white friends have helped but their attention is being attracted elsewhere. Two neighbors lived side by side, one a Negro, the other a wealthy white man. The white friend came to the Negro's cabin one night with a lamp lighted and held it over the man's sick cat. While trying to revive it, another cat ran through the room and gave a loud wail. The white friend excitedly exclaimed, "My friend, here, take this light; you will have to hold your own light—that is, my cat is in trouble. I will have to see after it," and suiting the action to the word, he ran quickly to its aid.

There are thousands of aliens flocking to America, bringing their untrained, vicious youth to our shores to become the wards of our wealthy white Americans, who are spending their money to give them the opportunity to embrace the civilizing influence of a Christian education. The Negro must take care of his own cat.

In Alabama some of the colored school teachers only receive $15.00 per month for three and four months of the year, out of which they must clothe and board themselves; while the criminals of that State are leased out for $26.00, $36.00 and $40.00 per month, thus apparently placing a premium on criminals, especially the Negro, making the Negro convict more essential to the State than the Negro educator. This is the condition in most of the Southern States where the convict lease system is operated.

Negroes ought to be a valuable asset to any country, for they as a whole possess strength and a will to do laborious work of any kind. The Negro is a producer; if anyone has any doubts, read the figures gathered by John Mitchell, Jr., Negro editor of the Richmond Planet, and president of the Mechanics' Savings Bank of Richmond, Va.

INTERESTING FIGURES.

The following figures no doubt will prove to be of interest. Value of crops produced by Negroes, 1906:

3.7	Per Cent corn	$ 75,820,074.40
0.6	Wheat	3,617,483.97
0.4	Oats	2,315,770.82
0.2	Rye	53,399.73
9.3	Rice	1,204,884.56
0.5	Hay	297,697.35
0.9	Potatoes	1,417,926.52
21.1	Sweet potatoes	3,192,536.24
38.9	Cotton	249,081,188.28
10.2	Tobacco	6,959,729.99
	Value for 1906	$343,960,692.89
	Value of all other farm products of Negroes	100,411,136.66
	Total value of farm products by Negroes in 1906	$444,371,829.55

Have they saved anything? Let us read what Mr. Oswald Villard, Editor of the New York Post, says in his appeal for equal opportunity for the Negro in America.

He rates the colored people high as accumulators. He says in fifty years they have this to show: 500,000 homes, 250,000 farms worth $200,000,000, and a total of $600,000,000 worth of property. In my research work I find the Negro has been doing something else besides having tough meetings and going to jail; he is not as criminal as he is painted.

I know of an instance in the City of New Orleans, where there was a raid made one Saturday night in one of our large shopping centers, namely Dryades street, where a large number of Negro men were arrested while they were shopping. They were charged at the station with being dangerous and suspicious characters. A lawyer appeared and promised to get them paroled and get them out without fines, provided they could furnish $5.00 apiece; they promptly emptied their pockets and were released. Those who did not have $5.00 were kept in jail over Sunday, tried and fined $25.00 or thirty days in the workhouse. The merchants on

that street where the raid was made waited on the Mayor and with the help of the Daily Item, an evening paper, the outrageous occurrence was prevented.

This is one of the ways the criminal ranks are increased and the number to work the roads and clean streets are brought in and put to work. In some states where convict labor is bought by the lease system, the man showing the least resistance is placed in the chain gang until his time is up. I have seen men with bare feet, a chain around the ankle that rubbed the flesh with every step until blood came. Georgia is notorious for her chain gangs, with its many Negro boys and insanitary prisons.

The State prison at Baton Rouge, La., is an unhealthy, rambling old building that ought to have been demolished long since. The sleeping quarters of the prisoners are small, the ceiling is low and the cells damp. A favored few have better places and they are not sent out in the camps to work. Their family connections, or their wealth, save them from the sentence which their black brothers must serve to the letter. The superintendent, like Shylock, sees that the bill is paid in full.

During my last visit, 1907, to this prison, the gate opened to receive a young white man, who entered the yard with the sheriff, handcuffed. The prisoner was to begin a sentence of one year, having entered a store with two colored boys who stole two guns and ammunition, and some articles of food and clothing. He and the two colored boys were taken into the disrobing room, where they donned the stripes and received their number. From henceforth they were to be known only by numbers. The two colored boys were sent to the camps. Before they left I shook hands with them and gave them words of advice and encouragement, and presented each of them a card bearing a scripture verse, the teaching of which they promised to heed. As I went on through the yard, distributing cards and shaking hands with those I knew, I saw the new white prisoner sitting alone. I stopped to hand him a card; he reached out his hand, while tears were streaming down his sad, pale face. My heart was touched, and I told him that a year would soon pass, and encouraged him to feel better. I told him to take it all to God in prayer, that He would surely help him to become a better man. I advised him that as

he was young and life was yet before him, that he could resolve to put away the past and henceforth live to please God. He looked up at me and said, "The town I came from is not far away. All of my friends are a lively set of fellows and they would laugh at me, and make it hard for me to live at home if I should change my ways as you advise me and drop their company." "Well," said I, "they will come here to keep you company if they do as you have done." He said, "I expect when they are caught up with to see them here also." And then, as if he had reflected, "I don't intend they shall keep me with them. I will break away. My family is willing to help me and I will change." "God is pleased to hear that and He will help you," I said. "If the environments at home are such that you feel that you cannot resist them and live above temptation and they will prevent you being a good man, leave that home and try another town where you are not known. Be careful of your company. Seek to know good people and live with them." "You have started me in the right direction," answered he, "and I will keep this tract you have given me and I will sign the pledge to try each day to please God; and when I get out, I will try life anew in some town where no one knows me." I gladly shook hands with him, and left him praying that he would be saved.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGE.

Having been appointed by Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, National President of the W. C. T. U., as a United States delegate to the International Convention of this organization which was to convene in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 22nd day of June, 1900, I accepted the honor although an empty one as I would have to pay my own way. I did this because I thought I could make friends for my project, the founding of a home and school for friendless and homeless colored children, which would prevent this class from being sent to reformatories. I had created a sentiment against this system but could get no money. But having an unlimited faith in God I decided to mortgage my home for $200 in order that I might have money to buy a round trip ticket which I was compelled to do to get the cheap rate that the other delegates would get. I felt that

I could raise money by lectures, and by living as economically as possible while abroad save enough to come back and show those at home what could be done by perseverance. Did God answer my prayer for success? Did I obtain that for which I was working? The closing chapters of this book will tell. I packed my clothes in one large suit-case and one small satchel, as I heard it would be burdensome to carry a trunk through Europe. I bade good-bye to my three grown children and a few friends who came to the depot to see me off.

I left New Orleans via the Louisville & Nashville railroad, June 4th, for Philadelphia, Pa., where the delegates were to assemble for the voyage.

On Friday night, June 8th, a reception was tendered the delegates at the Frances Willard Memorial by the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U., on Arch street. This was a particularly grand affair and lasted until a late hour of the night.

We gathered at the docks the next morning. Many white ribboners and friends followed to bid us bon voyage.

I was accompanied to the docks by that most kind-hearted and courteous gentleman, Prof. H. T. Kealing, editor of the A. M. E. Review. As the vessel was leaving its mooring, handkerchiefs and flags were waved and the hymn, "God be with you until we meet again," made the welkin ring by those on land till they could be no longer seen nor heard.

The steamer "Belgenland" left Dock 54, Philadelphia, Pa., on June 9th, at 10:30 a. m. About 2 o'clock we went aground on Danbecker's Shoal. At 6 o'clock the tide came and we floated off. At ten p. m. the pilot left us at the breakwater, and the purser told us we were lost to the world until we reached Liverpool. Our little party left for our staterooms with lumps rising in our throats, feeling we could only look to God for safe deliverance from the perils of the deep until our journey ended.

Sunday, June 10th, was a lovely day. At seven a. m. the captain sent off a carrier pigeon with a message. At 10:30 a. m. he held the Episcopal services in the dining saloon, after which we enjoyed a hearty lunch. At twelve the sea was choppy, and we found it much pleasanter to sit in the ladies' cabin and chat and read. We were always ready to eat when the bell called us, which was three times a day and tea at nine p. m.

I led the first W. C. T. U. meeting on board the ship, and made up the program for the week.

Monday, July 11th, was another lovely day. The sea was a beautiful blue, and clear as glass. My room-mates, Mrs. Lawson of Washington, D. C., and Miss M. Lynch of North Carolina, and I were getting on nicely. There were a few sick on board. All told we numbered 183 souls, counting the ship's crew, which consisted of 87. Miss Winston led the W. C. T. U. meeting at the noon hour.

Tuesday, the 12th, was a beautiful day. Miss Lynch became sea-sick, although she didn't own it. I was not feeling so very well after breakfast and took a chair on deck awaiting the terror of sea-sickness, while Mrs. Adams of Rochester, N. Y., one of the underground railway agents of never-to-be-forgotten slavery days, talked to me of her father and his kindness to a suffering race.

Our pleasant chat was interrupted by her being called to lead the noonday meeting of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Joseph Philips of Washington, Pa., another of our party, was the most cheerful on board. She was like a bright little bird, here, there and everywhere with a pleasant word for all.

Wednesday, the 13th, was a windy day, the sea becoming so rough from the great whitecaps leaping over one another, it was very hard to walk on deck. 'Twas then I began to know what sea-sickness was. My friends advised me what to do, and told me I should have brought "Amos Fruit Salts" along and I would have been all right, but that advice came too late for I was then at sea. A slight drizzle set in and we hurried to the dining saloon where it was warm and there we remained until bedtime. Miss Lynch led the noonday prayer.

On Thursday, the 14th, a clear day, we sighted a ship westbound, the first we had seen since we left Philadelphia. We greeted it cheerfully as it broke the monotony of our voyage, having seen nothing but sky and water for five days. Our captain saluted the ship as we passed. Mrs. Roberts led the noonday meeting.

Friday, the 15th, was as bleak and cold as a winter day. The sea was filled with large pieces of ice. I was glad I had brought some winter underwear along, and had a large golf cape which felt quite comfortable even though this was the first summer month.

We crowded into the cabin trying to keep warm. Mrs. Lawson led the noontide prayer meeting, while Mrs. Haviland of Philadelphia sang some sacred solos.

Saturday, the 16th, was a dreary day. We were still cooped up in the dining saloon. Mrs. Pierson led the noontide meeting. It was the best we had had, so full of the Christ spirit.

On Sunday, the 17th, it was still raining. After breakfast we went into the dining saloon where the Episcopal services were read by the captain with responses by the passengers. The closing hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," was sung and seemed appropriate on this dreary day out on the ocean.

Monday, the 18th, dawned bright and clear and we were feeling much better. The steamer "Oceanic" had just passed us, bound east, as we were, to Liverpool, but was much faster than our ship. Mrs. Porter of Texas led the noontide meeting, from which we were called to see a large sailing vessel which seemed like a large five-story white house being rocked in the cradle of the deep. At night we had a concert for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphanage. The passengers furnished the program, which was excellent. An admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged, which netted the sum of $32.

Tuesday, the 19th, was another dreary, wet day. Mrs. Clark of Baltimore led the noontide prayer meeting. The evening was pleasantly spent with Miss Gilmore writing verses in our albums. At nine p. m. it was not yet dark but we went to bed and talked about the many tips we were expected to make and the many designs on our purses. In imagination we saw ourselves held up on every side. We were expected to tip three persons at least fifty cents or two shillings, the stewardess, the bedroom steaward and our waiter at the table. We then thanked the Lord there were no more.

Wednesday, the 20th, the breakfast bell rang and the bedroom steward called out in stentorian tones, "Land ahead!" There was a scramble to get on deck to see it but only to find it a ruse of his to get us up quickly, and he succeeded admirably. It was a lovely day. Mrs. Chambers, president of Pennsylvania W. C. T. U., stated on account of passengers packing to get off at Queenstown, we would not have our devotional exercises that day and we were disappointed. We sighted land for the first time at two o'clock. It looked like a bank of white clouds. It was the coast of Ireland, about fifty miles from Queenstown. As we got nearer the passengers crowded the deck. It seemed like brown rock. Then we discerned the emerald-like green grass and we knew why it was called "Em-

erald Isle." The lighthouse looked beautiful as it threw its rays out into the ocean and we saw the dangerous rocks that lined the shore. Beyond we saw the fields of Ireland beautifully laid out, looking like a great quilt of brown patchwork of light green, dark green, yellow and red. At about ten o'clock p. m. we reached Queenstown. It brought us the first news from the world to which we had been lost for eleven days. A shout went up as we heard McKinley had been renominated for the presidency of the United States. The lights looked so pretty from the city, we thought if these lights failed to shine out, how many souls on this ship would have been lost against the rocky shore. We were reminded of the Christians, whom God has chosen as lights. We got to bed at twelve o'clock, tired out from sitting up to see our newly-made friends ashore.

Thursday, the 21st, we were out to sea again making our way to Liverpool. At twelve o'clock p. m. we sighted Holyhead, and it, too, was a welcome sight, for we were not far from Liverpool. Soon we steamed up the river Mersey. Here, of course, we had our little trials, one of which was being held up by the customs officials. We were glad to land, though we somewhat regretted leaving our ocean home of nearly two weeks' residence. But such is life; nothing here below can last always. We had just finished dinner, so we must tip, get our hats and go ashore. We performed this duty and were thankful to be delivered from another trial of our voyage.

This is Liverpool, one of the largest commercial centers of the world, miles and miles of dock with a countless number of steamers and craft of every description and kind. After eight hours' ride from Liverpool, we arrived at Edinburgh, Scotland, at seven a. m., June 22, 1900.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE CONVENTION.

We waited in the station sitting room at Edinburgh until the W. C. T. U. entertainment committee came to give us the address of our hostess. At last Mrs. Waugh, the lady who was to direct, came and sent me in a cab to Miss Hog of Dun Edin House, Murrayfield, where, after a twenty-minute ride, I arrived. The cabman rang, the lodge-keeper opened the gate and we drove through a line of pretty chestnut trees, the limbs of which reached the ground, and stood before the door of a

house overlooking a beautiful garden. Many white pigeons in a house nearby, came out cooing, seemingly to inquire the meaning of this intrusion. A maid came, took my card, invited me to a seat in the drawing room while she went to apprise the hostess of my arrival. What a pretty room! A large glass window divided it from the flower room, which was one mass of the loveliest plants in full bloom. While I was lost in admiration my hostess came forward. She was a neat little lady about five feet tall and about fifty years of age. Smiling pleasantly, she gave me a warm greeting. I was quite sure then I should love her. Just then another member of the family came in. It was Charlie, her pet dog. In his language he said he liked me and I could stay. The maid, Mary, took my luggage upstairs to my room, a real cozy little place where a large bunch of flowers greeted me from the dresser which set under a high window. How very glad I was to be in a comfortable room once more, after having slept for thirteen long nights on a shelf in a stateroom which was dignified with the name of a bed! Having finished my toilet I was ready for the great convention. The luncheon bell rang, I started to go down stairs but, dear me, I could not get rid of the motion of the ship. Although I was sure I was on shore I had not my land legs and felt as though the earth was coming up to meet me and was almost afraid I would roll down the steps instead of walking. Though much in dread, I grasped the stair rail and reached the last step safely. After lunch my hostess and I went to the Assembly Hall where the great International World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held. What a large place, seating about five thousand people and every seat filled! I passed up my credentials to the President, Lady Henry Somerset. My two friends, Miss Lynch and Mrs. Lawson, came in and we three were the only persons of color in that large assembly. It seemed as if everyone was looking at us. We knew colored people were very scarce in Scotland, and therefore we paid no attention to their curious though pleasant gaze. At the close of the session I was pressed by many ladies to attend the reception given by the British W. C. T. U., in their cafe, at No. 70 Princes street, but I was anxious to get back to my cozy room and bed, so I slipped away.

Saturday morning came only too soon. I should like so much to have remained in bed a little longer, but I had to get

ready and be away to the convention. Very little was done that day other than presentations of greetings from various organizations. This was over at five p. m. We went to a reception five miles out of town, at the Hydro, with a walk of an additional mile after leaving the cars; we returned in a drizzling rain for which Scotland is famous. Arriving at home, my hostess met me at the door and informed me that I was to go to Balernor, about six miles out of town. The cars did not run on Sundays, hence I had to leave for this place within fifty minutes as the last train left at 9:30 p. m. Saturday. I was to return on Monday morning. At this news I looked so gloomy that she said I should not go that night. "I shall take you in my carriage to-morrow at six p. m., to speak for the Rev. Mr. Scott." Of course I was delighted and made myself at ease for the night.

Sunday was bright and clear. We had a hearty breakfast, after which my hostess read a selection from the Bible and we had prayers. We then donned our hats for St. George's Presbyterian Church, a large grey-stone building, sitting on a corner with the loveliest chimes ringing out. We entered and sat for about twenty minutes listening to the blind organist sending forth such sweet, plaintive strains. The minister came in from a side door to the rostrum and we listened to a touching sermon from Rev. Mr. White. Then the communion, and oh, how solemn, as the cup was passed to over a thousand people! After the services we returned home to dinner. Afterwards we prepared to go through a driving rain to Balernor where I felt as if I were going for nothing, for what audience could be expected in such a pouring rain! We at last drove up to the door of the manse (parsonage). The beadel (sexton), a sleepy looking fellow, came out to meet us and led us to the door where the minister's wife bade us come into the manse and get a cup of tea, which was quite welcome after our long cold ride, the wife and daughter serving us.

Six o'clock came, the hour for service; it was still raining. A few steps brought us to the vestry at the rear of the pulpit. The minister explained that because of the wet weather we need not expect many people. He was an old gentleman with a Scotch flavor to all he did and said. Well, we left the vestry for the rostrum, ushered by the beadle, and to my surprise nearly two hundred people were waiting, having walked in the rain to hear me, as it had been advertised on Saturday that I

would speak. No papers are printed in Edinburgh on Sunday.

I delivered an address of forty-five minutes. The audience was moved to tears when I related some of my experiences in prison work. The collection was given to the British W. C. T. U. We bade the minister and wife good-bye and took our six miles' ride back, the rain continuing. The scenery around Balernor is very pretty with its quaintly built stone houses with red tiled roofs. The sheep were grazing on the many hills, some of them 200 feet high. At last we reached home and we were served another cup of tea, and in a little while were off to bed for a much-needed rest.

Monday, nine a. m., found me again at the convention. Mrs. Stevens, president of the United States W. C. T. U., was in the chair. At the close of the morning session, about one o'clock, Rev. Mr. Sutherland and wife, who were entertaining my friends, Miss Lynch and Mrs. Lawson, invited me to go with them to visit the Edinburgh Castle. Of course I was glad to go; and passing by the quaint looking Scottish soldiers with their short, pleated plaid-skirts reaching just above their knees, queer oval-shaped caps on their heads, and swords dangling at their sides. We climbed up in this building until I thought I could ascend no further, but at last, we reached the crown-room, where the jewels of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots are enclosed in a large glass case, with an iron fence around it. They still show their original rich brilliancy. The crown is thickly set with jewels of every color. We left here and visited her bedroom where her son was born, and lowered from the window to the ground, a distance of about 300 feet, by means of which the enemy was foiled for the time being. What a small bedroom this Queen had! It was about six feet wide and nine feet long, with one window and a door. After this we visited St. Margaret's Chapel on the same hill. We sat on the stone wall and looked down 300 feet at the passers-by on Princes street, the most beautiful I have ever seen. How beautiful is the view from this wall! The garden below was full of flowers, the trees were robed in leaves of bright fresh green, the birds were flying in and out. Mr. Sutherland said we must have our pictures taken here, so we posed on the steps of the chapel while he pointed his kodak at us. So enchanted were we that we spent more time there than we should have, and we hurried back to the hall. Our lunch hour had passed. The presentations, though, were not over. We sat and waited our

turn. Mrs. Lawson was presented and made a neat little speech which the audience applauded. Then I was presented by Lady Henry, behind whom I had been standing. I bowed and started away, when she asked me to address them. I made a three minutes' talk and stepped down. It seemed as if those 5,000 people would bring the hall down on me with applause. I was called back by Lady Henry, and thanked them for their kind reception. Still they applauded. We sang a hymn, and left for a reception at the Royal Terrace, where we spent a delightful hour, then left for home.

Tuesday at ten a. m. found us again at the convention, Mrs. Stevens in the chair. Miss Lynch was presented and made a pleasant speech which was greatly applauded. At the luncheon hour we were treated to a carriage ride to Holy Rood Castle, the home of Queen Mary. We were shown the beautiful tapestry which barely holds together, and seems ready to fall at any moment. The pictures of John Knox and Queen Mary face each other. Darnley, her husband, and his little son, hang on the wall alone. We were shown into their bedrooms. The guide showed us spots of blood on the floor at the foot of the bed, which he said was the blood of Rossi, spilled there the night he was assassinated by Queen Mary's husband. I laughed and asked him if he thought I could believe, after hundreds of years, those blood stains were those of poor Rossi, the musician. After seeing it was useless to try further to have us believe his story, he said: "Well, marm, sure you have good sense; the relic-hunters cut the spots out of the floor long ago, again and again, and we had to put old boards in the place and keep on sprinkling red ink on them, for the curious public demands to see the spot, and we had to oblige them."

We went down into the old chapel adjoining the castle. Only the walls stand. Here we saw the graves of the Scottish royalty. The headstones were weather-beaten and uncared for. We then started for the gate and as Mr. Sutherland did not see how he could allow us to pass from so historic a spot without taking some memento, he lined us up again in front of the door and took our pictures standing in the gate of Holy Rood Castle. We then went to the House of Parliament which was in session. Lord McDonald presiding. It looked so strange to see all the advocates before the bar with their long black gowns reaching to the floor and white curled wigs on their heads. We were hurried away to see the library, which is an immense building.

I am sure one would die of paresis should he try to read one-half of one-tenth of those books.

I saw a mummy standing in a glass case, said to be Pharaoh's daughter, the foster mother of Moses. We left here for the street where John Knox is buried in front of St. Giles Church, all the vehicles passing over the spot. The great man of God has a strange resting place. It was then two o'clock, and we had to hurry back to the hall for the evening session. They were hearing reports from the many superintendents; and they were all splendid, showing what a grand work these women were doing. We adjourned, and my hostess hurried me home where we prepared to attend the reception given by Hon. Mitchell Thompson, the Lord Provost of Scotland, assisted by his magistrates and Council, for the International W. C. T. U. delegates.

As we arrived within two squares of the Art Museum where the reception was being held, our carriage was placed in line, and my! such a line, almost as far as the eye could see. We left our carriage at the beautifully decorated entrance and my hostess preceding, led to the cloak room where she gave me an approving look-over, and remarked smilingly, "You are all right." We fell in line and were presented to the Lord Provost, after which we were invited to ices, then to a seat in the gallery where we had a good view of the many pretty costumes and listened to the shrieking, ugly sound of the bagpipes which I like, at a distance. At last we left, and glad I was to leave the crowd. I shall never be able to remember even the faces of the many persons to whom I was introduced.

Wednesday was another day of reports at the convention. The superintendent of work among the soldiers for the British W. C. T. U., made a most interesting report. She had just come from South Africa where the soldiers were under fire. and told of a Soldiers' Rest she had opened as a competition to the saloon, and how she had almost ruined the business of the saloonkeeper. After a little routine business we clasped hands in a circle round that large hall in one unbroken chain. Then sang, "God be with you till we meet again," received the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Sutherland and parted—some to meet in the next biennial, others around the great white throne

Thursday we spent the day sight-seeing. The governor of the prison, Mr. Cristie, invited me to the prison where I remained from nine a. m. till noon, and attended the chapel services. The chaplain read a scripture lesson, then several

hymns were sung. We united in prayer and after a good service the prisoners were sent into the yard for physical exercises. I found them separated and all nice and clean. The matron informed me that the majority of the women were in for drinking. The women are occupied in the prison sewing sacks by machine. The prison authorities get twenty-four cents per hundred, and all over the hundred goes to the female prisoner. These extras are saved up until the prisoners are released, so that they may not be penniless. The cells occupied by the female prisoners are about five feet wide and seven long, with two little tables placed lengthwise on which is placed a sack of grass, forming a soft bed. They have two warm blankets, a cup, a basin, towel, stool and a wooden spoon. No one is allowed in the cells but the matron who holds the keys.

Leaving the prison, I visited the historic cemetery which is near by. I found here among other noted statues, a large one of Abraham Lincoln, with a slave kneeling at his feet. At the base of this statue the inscription: "Erected in memory of the Scottish soldiers who fell in the American War for the liberty of their colored brethren." Of course my heart was touched and I thanked God for those noble men who sacrificed their lives for this much despised and downtrodden race, who died, as it were, that we might live and who believed that God created all men alike. All honor and praise to those martyrs. My heart felt drawn so much nearer to the Scotch people.

I left for the convention hall to meet Mrs. Saleeby, the around-the-world missionary, who invited me to luncheon with her. She showed me a great many relics from Bethlehem and gave me a flower from Nazareth. She made an engagement for me to speak at the Dean Street Church. I hurried home to meet some ladies whom my hostess had invited to tea. We passed a most pleasant evening in the garden.

Friday, I remained indoors to rest and answer letters. My hostess gave me the family history. She is the daughter of the late Baronet Hog and a direct relative of King William IV, who held the throne just prior to her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Yet my hostess was not the least haughty but a noble Christian lady who is as kind to her servants as can be, and whom they love dearly. Her lovely home is her joy. The garden is filled with a variety of the most exquisite flowers, which she gathers by baskets every day and sends to the many infirmaries. Then she has a gem flower always ready for the shop girls she meets, even the conductors and the cabby must have a buttonhole

bouquet. She has a home for poor crippled girls for whom she cares, teaching them dressmaking, and helping them to help themselves. A matron who is a kindly middle-aged woman, watches over this home. She gives a garden party every week for the working girls, a different set each week. I was delighted to hear her speak. My hostess was continually planning some new pleasure for me, and often when I stood enraptured by some beautiful scenery to which she had called my attention I would hear her cheerful voice calling, "Come away, now, and see this a bit." I would smile and go to her side. One could not help loving her. By this constant attention, which often took the tangible form of some little gift which was just what I needed (and wondered how she knew I needed it), I was won to admire and sincerely love her. My week was up and I had planned to leave, but she said, "Nay, stay another week; I want you."

Sunday I attended church with her and heard the other minister, Mr. Black, for her church was large enough to require the services of two ministers, both of whom were kept busy during the week attending needy members. After services and dinner at home we went to the Cripple Children's Home, kept by my hostess, and where I had been advertised to speak. At six o'clock p. m. I entered the assembly room which was filled with an expectant audience, and as I spoke many were moved to tears. The children afterward crowded around and begged me to sing one more hymn; this I did before leaving.

Monday we visited John Knox's house. Having reached the house of this fearless Christian we ascended the stairs and met the keeper at the door, a little old stout Scotch woman whose eyes were filled with water and nose full of snuff. We gave her sixpence and passed into the room where John Knox, the galley slave who broke a nation's fetters, died. As we looked over this sacred apartment we were touched with the simplicity of the scantily furnished place, utterly devoid of comfort; the ceilings so low that one can reach up and touch them. Here is the picture of John Knox preaching to Mary Queen of Scots in the St. Giles Church, and underneath the words he used in his sermon in the year 1560, that caused Mary to become so indignant. What that great man must have suffered cannot fully be realized until the surroundings have been visited and seen as they were in that day. Then we can understand what he sacrificed for his belief in religious liberty.

He chose this motto for the Church of Scotland: Matthew xxiv: 14.

We left here and went home to prepare for a reception tendered Miss Johannis Dottir of Iceland and myself. We reached the home of Mrs. Heron where we spent a delightful evening. I told of my prison work, the audience seemed spellbound. I sat down amid a storm of applause. How pleasant to know that some one is in sympathy with you in an undertaking that is by no means popular! The little Icelander threw her arms about me and kissed me good-bye at the conclusion and expressed a fond hope of meeting me again. My hostess took my arm and we were off. It was raining but we reached home and found Mary, the faithful maid, had made a cheerful fire in the dining room and had a hot supper, both of which were very much enjoyed. After tea the bell was rung, the servants filed in, and Miss Hog read the Bible. We knelt in prayer, then off to bed I went with the sound of her kindly "gude night" ringing like music in my ears.

Tuesday we remained in all day. As night approached I prepared to go to the Dean Street Church Hall where I filled an engagement made by Mrs. Saleeby. My hostess sent me off early in the carriage to Rev. Mr. Anderson's home, where I was to have tea with a few friends whom Mrs. Anderson had invited to meet me before I went to the hall. Arriving there I met the friends and had a chat with them. Rev. Mr. Anderson tendered his services to take me to a few places of historic interest; we made an appointment for Wednesday, ten a. m. Tea over, we left for the hall. Although it was raining, the large hall was nearly filled. After singing by the choir, Rev. Mr. Anderson introduced me. I spoke to a poor class of people and endeavored to say what I thought would interest them most. They seemed deeply interested. After dismission many lingered to shake my hand and to whisper, "God bless and watch over you." My hostess, with the minister, his wife and I, agreed to take a stroll through the gardens, which are very beautiful. We reached the gate, and ascended Dean Street bridge, from the center of which we had a fair view of the gardens. The sight was most picturesque. The walk of red pebbles five feet in width winds its way in and out the garden shrubbery and flowers. Two hundred feet below flows the water of Leith tumbling over the rocks. I am told a good many persons have committed suicide by leaping over the rail-

ings of the bridge into the rocky bed of the Leith. The scene below is indeed inviting for as I leaned over the rail a peculiar feeling came over me. I was fascinated with the scenery. The wind moaning in the trees, the faint sound of the running water, all seem to beckon one to become a part by stepping over the rail. My hostess, knowing the fatal influence this scenery has over one who dares to linger over it, grew fearful for me and said: "Come away, now; we must hasten, it is late." Still I could not realize it, for although it was ten o'clock p. m., one could easily read without a light. The twilight here is very long. We hurried home to supper, then to prayers and to bed.

Wednesday morning dawned clear and bright. With raincoat on my arm and umbrella in hand, after breakfast, I went sight-seeing with Rev. Mr. Anderson. I went thus prepared for the rainlike mist for which Scotland is noted even on the prettiest day. When one least expects the skies of Scotland weep.

Rev. Mr. Anderson sought to have me visit the most interesting places and accordingly took me over to the Presbytery Synod, a spacious building in which are kept antiquated relics of the early Protestant churches. Some of the oldest pulpits of Scotland are stored here, and valuable manuscripts as mementoes of "ye auld lang syne." Here I was introduced to Mr. Buchanan, the Grand Secretary of the Presbyterian Church. After looking over Bibles nearly a thousand years old, we left to visit the Royal Infirmary where I saw a few gruesome sights of which I soon tired and left, as I did not desire to keep company with the dead.

We left here and walked through the old grass market. I stood on the stone circle where the gallows at one time were, and from which so many souls, because of their religious beliefs, were swung into eternity. Then we strolled through the cow-gate, a dirty, foul-smelling street with rag stores along one side, and to the right of which was the Magdaline Church, once the home of David Livingston, who gave his heart to Africa in his Christly mission. Here we saw the names of others who died for the same cause. Passing to the vestry through a side door, we were shown a small oaken table, about three feet long, on which was a dark red cloth. It was on this table, we were told, that the head of the Duke of Argyle was placed and severed from the body, because he dared to be a Presbyterian. It is said the cloth is the same. It is as stiff as leather, in the cen-

ter. I tried in vain with my fingers to rumple it where the blood is supposed to have soaked in.

We next visited Gray Friars Cemetery, which is just around the corner. As we entered the city of the dead, and read on the stone slabs, sacredly erected to the memories of the Christian heroes, we found a record of 1,800 souls put to death because they dared to worship Christ according to their own belief. Here lie their bones, awaiting the resurrection morn, when they will awake in the likeness of Christ for whom they died, and will see Him as He is. As I stood thinking of their intense suffering I thanked God that it is far different today, that we need have no fear as we awake in the morning that an order awaits us to march to the guillotine or the gallows. The grave-diggers were preparing to plant an iron post, and had unearthed a tooth, which I took as a souvenir of this spot. We passed on to the grave of the father of Sir Walter Scott, then on to the Gray Friars Church, around which they used to bury criminals. In fact, the churchyard was used during the time of the beheading of the duke and other martyrs as a burying ground for all kinds and classes of criminals. Like our Lord, these noble Christian characters were numbered among the lowest transgressors.

We left here to visit St. Giles Cathedral. Entering, we gave twelve cents to the doorkeeper. My! what a grand solemn old place this gray stone pile is! What lovely stained glass windows, with lifelike pictures of Queen Mary and her attendants; with John Knox preaching to her while she is bowing, and his eyes seemingly trying to pierce her body to find her soul and touch it with his religious fervor. Just then the organist played a dirge. As the deep tones swelled and filled the church with its melody, every nerve in my body seemed to vibrate. My eyes filled with tears which rolled down my cheeks before I knew it. How sublime! He finished. My feet felt planted to the spot and my spirit seemed to grow light. Rev. Mr. Anderson now showed me an ivory casket containing the remains of some of the nobility, dead over a hundred years. We passed on to the rear of the church, and met one of the directors, who was pleased to see us, and offered a sniff of his snuff. It is considered quite a condescension for a Scotchman to offer you his snuff, but I very politely declined his gracious offer. He gave me a look which indicated that "You don't know what's good." We then left for home.

On our arrival, my hostess surprised me by saying I must wind up the day's work by visiting the Fourth Bridge. Dinner over, we hurriedly boarded the train and were soon at the bridge. It is a splendid piece of mechanism, well and strongly constructed of steel and rocks and good for many years to come. The scenery around is very pretty. Charlie, the little pet dog of my hostess, was along. He, as everyone else, loves her. He made us walk rather fast by running ahead and looking back, as much as to say: "Hurry on, or you won't see what I see."

Thursday we visited the Art Gallery. Mary, the maid, and I started about ten o'clock a. m. Here we found the large hall set apart for many things of historic value to Edinburgh. First of all, the guillotine which was used to behead the Duke of Argyle. This is a large black wooden affair which slides up and down about seven feet, with a huge knife attached. We saw, too, a brass thumb-screw, used to torture the unfortunate prisoner to make him tell what he knew would convict him. Sometimes the tormentor would crush the thumb until it became perfectly flat. Still another instrument of torture in the form of a ring to fit around the throat. This ring was attached to a staple driven in the wall. This constituted the stocks in which they were securely placed with hands and feet locked. Among the relics we found the pulpit used by John Knox. Going from the hall into the art gallery proper we found the pictures of great men and women. In another hall which contains ancient religious relics, were many mummies. Some were 4,000 years old, lying here dark and still. We saw many gods made by the people of hundreds of years ago. We found a slab from the walls of Ninevah, with an ancient ruler of that day offering a kind of concoction in a bowl to his particular god. A eunuch stood by with a brush, keeping off the flies, for it would be unholy should a fly fall into the bowl.

Home again, my hostess made ready to entertain a party of twenty-five young ladies at tea who had been invited from the bakeshop in Edinburgh, where they served as salesgirls. Soon the garden resounded with their glad laughter. They were pleased and enjoyed themselves. After refreshments, we gathered in the dining room. My hostess requested me to sing and give them a few words of advice and encouragement, which I endeavored to do. Finally, the handshaking and parting was over and we had evening prayers and went to rest.

I spent Friday morning in packing my belongings, getting ready to take my leave on the two p. m. train. After dinner I bade the servants good-bye with some regret at leaving these newly-made friends. My hostess accompanied me, with Charlie, who looked so wistful that we felt he must go along. At the station my hostess met a friend who was also going to Glasgow; we were introduced. The train came up, the parcels were gathered together, I kissed my hostess good-bye with deep regret, for I have learned to love, honor and admire her. A lump rose in my throat. Then I remembered I had not told Charlie good-bye. I looked out of the window, patted him on the head, and even the dog looked sorry and let his ears droop in seeming sadness as we were off for Glasgow.

CHAPTER X.

IN GLASGOW.

After speeding through miles of beautiful scenery, stopping a few minutes at Linlithgow, the birthplace of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, we reached our destination. Such a confusion over baggage that one is reminded of a Kilkenny catfight, and it is no wonder this confusion arises, as no checks are given. This is not America. I at once recognized mine, however. I had a porter (whom I had to give a tip) place it safely in a cab, and after a few minutes' ride through crowded thoroughfares, we arrived at the Young Women's Christian Association Home, where we were to be accommodated. The cabby brought in my luggage and I paid him my fare, but he stared at me as much as to say, "My tip." I gave him a sixpence. He took it and walked away with his head well up as I didn't even deserve to be thanked. My room, though very small, was comfortable. I thanked the Lord I was among Christians. Better by far than I would have been had I been in some public hotel with an atmosphere offensive with the odor of liquor and the like.

Saturday was a rainy day, but I was anxious to see some of the sights, so I donned my water-proof and started out for the postoffice. I was told it was about a ten-minute walk. The young lady who volunteered to accompany me, said, "It's just here." After walking about a mile in a slow rain, and when I felt like asking whether she had lost her way, she mounted the steps of an ordinary looking building and we were at the post-

office. I purchased stamps, mailed my letters and we retraced our steps to the Young Women's Christian Association building, where we were glad to remain for the rest of the day.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. At breakfast the matron, Mrs. Grant, whom all the girls seem to love and obey, invited us to the Bareheaded Mission. I asked if it was far and received the reply that it was just about twenty minutes' walk. I went with them and felt quite sore, for it was hardly less than two miles on the hard stones. With the others, I registered on our arrival at the large mission. I decided to inquire, though, what was meant by so many minutes' walk, for if they said a mile I knew it meant two; if they said twenty minutes, I should board a car. Christian people in Glasgow consider it a sin to ride in a car on Sundays and on that day refrain from patronizing them.

There were about 300 people present at the Bareheaded Mission. Of that number about 200 were bareheaded. I was told by the minister, another Mr. Buchanan, that the members are requested to wear nothing on their heads when coming to the eleven o'clock services, but tocome in their working clothes and invite anyone upon the streets to come along, no matter how they were dressed. In this way the slum element is reached and helped to a better life. By request I addressed them for fifteen minutes. They seemed deeply impressed and asked me to address them again at night. I at first declined on account of living so far away, but the directress prevailed upon me to remain and dine with them and speak again. I spoke and we had a good spiritual revival. After singing a closing hymn, the benediction was pronounced, then followed a general handshaking and we were off for our quarters.

Monday was a dreary day and I was to speak at the Bible Training Institute in Bothwell street. My rain-coat was again called into service and I reached the institute in a pouring rain more to fill the engagement than to find anyone there. But I found a fair audience anxiously awaiting my coming. God's presence was again manifested, for in the amen corner, as well as in the rear, could be heard, "Praise the Lord," "Bless His Holy Name." After dismission I was invited by Mr. Miller to speak at Finiston Church on Wednesday. I then left for my boarding house to find Mr. Ross, pastor of Cowcadden Church, awaiting me to arrange for me to speak at his church on Thursday afternoon. As I am working for

the advancement of the Master's Kingdom, doing in an humble way whatever I can, to this request I also consented.

Tuesday I was invited by the two Misses Compton of California to go with them to Alloway, the home of Robert Burns, the gifted poet. Dr. Gleason, a maiden lady of Buffalo, N. Y., by request joined the party. We went to the station, secured tickets and after about two hours' ride we reached the outskirts of the city where hundreds of soldiers' tents were pitched which added more interest to the already picturesque scenery. To the right were the Scotch with their pleated skirts reaching to the knee, their caps set jauntily upon their heads. To the left were great numbers with dark trousers and red coats, all drilling and learning the tactics of war, to be sent to the front to protect Her Majesty's interests. We reached the station and took a cab to the home of Burns, about two miles out of town. What a lovely ride! We soon reached the shaded drive, which was made more pleasant and beautiful by the sunbeams creeping gently through the foliage. Our open conveyance gave us the fullest benefit of it all. Alighting at the door, Miss Compton, who had a camera, took our pictures standing near the window just before we entered the house. We entered the place and like the room of John Knox, the ceiling was so low I could easily reach it. In one corner of the wall built like an oven, is the bed in which the great Burns was born. His mother prophesied his future greatness in these words:

"The gossips keekit in his loof,
Quo she who lives will see the proof.
This waly boy will be nae coof.—
I think we'll call him Robin."

We bought a few mementoes, then made our way to the monument of Robert Burns where he and his friends sit together in stone as they were wont to do in life. We left here to walk down to the Bonnie Doon river. We stood on the old bridge of stone said to be over 700 years old, gazed upon the scenery around about the road along the side of the stream. Here we heard the low murmuring of the wind among the trees, the soft, gentle rippling of the water, a bird's sweet notes and over all there seemed to rest a sweet, quiet peace, all of which served to inspire the poet, for in speaking of his love for the Doon, he said:

"Oft hae I roved by Bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And like a bird sang of its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine."

I am reminded of the thrilling experience of Tam O'Shanter's daring midnight ride, urging his old gray mare to greater speed until the center of the bridge is reached when he discovers that the animal has lost its tail.

We went up the lane a short distance, turned and crossed the new iron bridge, and another pretty sight greeted the eye. On either side of the river, which is about thirty feet wide, there were great beds of white wild daisies climbing the steep banks, with bits of purple heather and elders in full bloom here and there.

We passed on to the old Kirk of which Burns wrote, where his kin are sleeping, covered with moss and uncared for. The stone walls of the old church still stand but the roof has entirely disappeared. Our time was up and we hastened back to town. It lacked an hour of train time. We took a short stroll down to the river Clyde, then back to the station. In a little while we were back to the cars and soon in our rooms. I found charming company in my newly-made friends. They were very kind. I never saw two sisters so devoted to each other. There did not seem to be the least selfishness in either.

Wednesday I remained indoors to rest and write.

Thursday was a wet day and made me wonder what Scotland was crying about. I was determined, though, to go out and I got my feet wet for my trouble. In the evening I went to Cawcadden's Church where I found a large crowd from the slums. I spoke to them twenty minutes. Ten persons came up to be prayed for and take the temperance pledge.

Whenever I was invited to speak in the mission halls I knew there would be large crowds. These halls are churches and I don't know for what reason they are called halls, unless it is because the poor assemble there.

Friday I was asked to come back. I went and we had another splendid meeting, five persons professing saving faith in Christ. I returned home to find an invitation from the Victoria Mission directors to a fair-week trip to Tarbert. I accepted. On Saturday morning at seven o'clock I was at the wharf where there were five steamers each carrying about 200 persons. I found my way to the steamer "Ben More." On

deck I met many friends and was introduced to many strangers. As for provisions it was clear we would not lack, for among this cargo of human freight, about two hundred and fifty, I saw buckets, barrels and boxes of foodstuff and was sure there was enough to last the week. Mr. and Mrs. Captain Forsythe were also in the party. There were ten or more assistants to help care for us.

After a delightful steam down the Clyde, which is lined on either side with high hills dotted here and there with magnificent summer residences, and now and then the ruins of an old castle covered with moss of many years, we turned into the Loch and caught sight of the pier crowded with spectators. Soon we were ashore. The boys, fifty in number, were sent to another camp in care of a captain and his wife, while the party of two hundred girls went to the Tarbert village school. A walk of a mile brought us to the grounds where we found five buildings awaiting our occupancy. There were four large dormitories where the girls slept, a kitchen with three cooks —strong buxom Scotch women; then a spacious dining room where the two hundred can be seated at once. Soon the drays came up and all the provisions were put in the storehouse, the dishes in place, our luggage brought and we were prepared for the week's picnic. We got all the fresh milk and butter brought to us every morning except Sunday, when we had to send for it, for the milkman refused to deliver on that day. Five girls volunteered to go and bring a gallon apiece, so we would not be deprived of our Scotch porridge.

We were up at six, breakfasted at eight, then prayers and off to the hills till one, when we returned to dinner. Then away to another part of the hills, to some old ruin till seven. We had supper and then down to the pier where we gathered with our hymn books and Bibles. We sang and prayed. Mr. Humphries, a splendid speaker, read the scripture lesson and exhorted from it. Mr. Buchanan, whom the village children are overjoyed to meet, distributed candies and heart-shaped red and blue cards on which were printed scripture verses in gold letters. We were dismissed with a blessing and being thoroughly tired out were glad to seek sleep.

Sunday dawned a lovely day. We gathered in the dining room. The girls had returned with the milk and we were ready for our porridge. Each received a generous bowl, of which I had become very fond. After breakfast we were off to church; but as I was on the dinner committee, as soon as we

were dismissed I hurried to the hall to help to dish up and serve the dinner of new potatoes with cream, beef, boiled ham, buttermilk, bread, Jam, and cakes. At two o'clock we attended the Established Church, heard a good sermon by Mr. Campbell, and returned to tea. Then down to the pier where we had our evening meeting.

Monday, our captain, Mr. Forsythe, told us we were to go for a climb on the highest hill, where we could get a clear view of the finest scenery around Tarbert. Well, we reached the top of the hill after a good many sighs, as it was very steep. My! what romantic scenery greeted our eyes! It seemed there were at least one hundred fishing smacks off for the night's fishing. Here and there little islands as it were, lay sprinkled in the lake. There, opposite us on the other side of the lake, nestled a pretty stone house just under the shadow of the rock, which was covered with a moss-like purple flower called heather, a white wild daisy, a bit of honeysuckle trailing itself in and out, a tiny yellow flower, together with bunches of wild thyme. The water seemed to have been dyed deep by the shadow of the beautiful blue sky overhead. To look upon this wonderful arrangement of nature one can only exclaim, "How lovely! How sublime! How exquisitely beautiful!"

Mr. Wark, who had a store of fun-provoking stories, related one, and the hill resounded with peals of laughter from the many throats. Mr. Buchanan, who was slenderly built and about fifty years of age, but as spry and gay as a lad of eighteen had his concertina along. He played several tunes and after I had given a song we began the descent, which we found rather difficult. Many who began walking gingerly found themselves sliding down and catching at the air. At last we were at the bottom on the road home, when several drunken fishermen came reeling along, making ugly grimaces at us, and singing a song in a voice that sounded like a nutmeg grater.

What is more disgusting than an irresponsible drunken person, tottering on the street, taking up nearly all the sidewalk. The foul smell—Oh, how I wish I could bottle up their horrid breaths and when their sober moments come I should like to remove the cork and give them a generous whiff. I pity the poor individuals who are tied for life to such creatures and forced to endure this sickening stench through the long night for years. Perhaps you can recall to mind some miserable wretch who does not stand as master of himself but is under the control of this awful demon. Dipsomania ought to be

treated as insanity. Persons who have the ailment are really a worse menace to society than the mildly insane. The dipsomanist is allowed to roam at large, if he pleases, and mingles unhindered with many children. He is sometimes entrusted with an engine attached to cars loaded with hundreds of human beings. I never board a car or boat without a prayer to be delivered from a drinking official who may be in charge, for there is no telling when his appetite will get the better of him, and whilst he is deep in his cup the unsuspecting passengers may be brought face to face with death.

I sometimes wish I could draw back the veil that obscures the future from the present and bid the individual look and see where the first glass of intoxicant will lead. I have talked with men whom it led to the gallows; women who sold out all that life holds dear to women. I have been into homes that it has wrecked; fed babies it left hungry and unclad. I have stood by graves it has made. I have tried to carry sunshine where it had caused despondency and gloom. Oh, Drink, thou hast given me more work and worry than all the other evils and vices put together! A heart-rending scene comes to my mind which I shall never forget. The scene was in the Court House in New Orleans, Louisiana. "I am a slave to liquor!" cried a poor woman. "For God's sake, judge, give me a home—a home, not for thirty days, but one to end my days in."

These words coming in a tremulous, husky voice were addressed to Judge Edward Finnegan of the First Recorder's Court. They came from a woman standing before the bar. She was dressed in a bedraggled black skirt, a loose fitting sacque of the same color and a sunbonnet partly concealing her face from view. She said her name was Henrietta Luce, and that she had no home.

The woman showed the awful effect of drink and dissipation, and was a wreck physically and morally. Her face was bloated to twice its ordinary size, and thick red folds hung in ugly laps, like the skin of a pachyderm. Her eyes all bleared and sunken, looked out from their sockets destitute of all expression. When facing the bar she held her head down, showing that she had not quite lost all sense of shame.

Mrs. Luce was found in a state of beastly intoxication by Officer Yates at the corner of Basin street and Tulane avenue. She was placed in a cell and at once fell into a drunken sleep and didn't awake until called before court the next morning. Judge Finnegan looked at her compassionately, and inquired as to her condition. "Judge," said the unfortunate, her voice gradually rising until it reached a high treble, "I have no home. I am an outcast, and I don't know where I would lay my head this night were you to release me. Oh, God," she continued in a voice that sounded like a wail, "I am miserable and a victim to my own folly." The scene was a pathetic one and Mrs. Luce trembled from head to foot as she spoke. All eyes were turned upon her and there were few who did not pity the miserable prisoner standing, pleading to be sent to prison.

"Judge," she again said, after a pause, speaking in a husky tone, "I am an abject slave to liquor and the curse is on me with such strength that I cannot shake off its terrible hold. Send me to prison, your Honor, where I can't get the stuff, and there let me remain." Her head fell and she stood mute, waiting for her sentence.

"Remand the prisoner," spoke Judge Finnegan, eyeing the accused pityingly, and then in lower tones, leaning over the desk to Docket Clerk Fox, "The workhouse, Fox."

Mrs. Luce walked back to the dock and the case was over. On the bloated face of the woman traces of beauty could still be seen, but a few years ago, before liquor made her its slave, she was doubtless a well formed, handsome woman. She was a beloved wife once, but her terrible passion broke up her home, and she went from bad to worse until she became a common drunkard in the streets. Such is the result of drink.

Looking at her I was reminded of a story of an old woman. Some one presented her with a large bottle of brandy cherries. One morning she sat on her porch and ate them—throwing the stones into the yard. She raised geese to help her earn a livelihood. The geese quickly gobbled up the stones.

She went about her household duties. After several hours elapsed the old woman went into the yard and was amazed to see all of her fine geese lying on their backs, apparently dead. She determined not to lose all, so called in

her neighbors to help pluck the feathers from their bodies, desiring to get something from this source, since the geese could not be sold for food.

Their bodies were carelessly thrown in a heap to be buried the next morning. About 12 o'clock at night, the old woman heard such a noise—squawking of geese! She jumped up, and saw all those naked geese had come to life and were fussing about the loss of their clothes, which they sadly needed that cold autumn night.

The old woman looked out in disgust and exclaimed, "If you had quit before you began eatin' dem brandy cherries, you would 'a had your clothes yit."

Ah! if she had never begun with the social glass; poor soul would have had a home, loved ones and a respected place in society!

I must now go back to my party.

Tuesday we were to go for a sail after breakfast. The day was an ideal one for boating. About eight yachts were ready and we were off for a tour around the island. We had a delightful time. Songs, recitations enlivened the trip and now and then a dash of water, "just to let us know how wet it was," says the man at the rudder. At last we got back to shore. Mr. Miller and I were on the dinner committee. We hurried to set the table, but Mr. Miller disappeared. Mr. Forsythe wrote out a notice of his disappearance, offered a reward for his body, dead or alive. He was at last found where he wanted to be—asleep.

When we gathered at the table the committee was being congratulated for their efficient service. Mr. Wark gave Dr. Wilson credit for lying in bed late in the mornings, worrying about the fresh herrings he had ordered for breakfast, fearful lest we would not get the number ordered for us. He explained eloquently the doctor's strain of mind. We were compelled to sympathize with him. Mr. Miller helped us wonderfully by looking commandingly at the tables, as Miss Armour says, "Helping us by looking pleasant." Miss Armour was on all the committees for she kept the keys and had charge of all the food.

Wednesday we were surprised to learn that two of the gentlemen, Messrs. Strong and Humphries, had stolen away in the morning early to attend a business meeting in the city. We were all sorry. Miss Muir wrote a poetic lament.

Evening brought them back and joy reigned supreme.

On Thursday we were on the road to Stonefield, the seat of the lord of the village. The scenery here simply defies description. We soon reached Stonefield's house. Then down to the Lake Shore, where the girls had gathered in groups, taking off their shoes. We contented ourselves with gathering pretty shells. How time flies when one is enjoying himself! Soon the hour came to return to camp and we took up our two miles' march. Finally, we reached home, tired out, but quite ready to eat a good supper, after which we had prayer meeting. The Lord blessed us with ten conversions while the devil had arranged with his agents to hold a dance in the hall about fifteen yards from our gate. This did not, however, affect us. The girls were very nice and obedient and soon all were in bed sleeping soundly. The village boys were disappointed, for not one of the girls belonging to the Society of the Religious Foundry Boys was with them.

All were busy Friday morning packing up to return to the city. The steamer came for us at four o'clock. Five hours' steam up the Clyde brought us to the city. We were ashore very soon and anxious relatives were greeting their loved ones. I was sent in Miss Armour's carriage to the Y. W. C. A., where Miss Grant gladly greeted me, showed me to my room and I was soon lost in deep slumber.

Saturday morning brought me a letter from my friend, Helen Noble, urging me to come to Paris, and spend a while with her. I answered, promising to be with her in a week. Mr. Buchanan called and invited me to visit Maryhill, the city's home for poor girls. Such a lovely place with large grounds! There were nearly two hundred girls, ranging in age from six to fourteen years, all nice, clean and healthy-looking. They have large dormitories with separate beds for each girl and everything very comfortable. Some of the children are paid for when their parents can afford it; if not, the authorities keep them with just the same care, teaching them to be good housekeepers.

The boys are all kept in a separate place, a little distance from the girls. All seem happy, and everything is as clean as soap and water can make it.

Mr. Buchanan insisted upon my addressing the girls and singing for them, which I did, and they seemed de-



A GROUP OF OUR CHILDREN.

lighted. We left amid a chorus of good-byes. We were on our way to the cars when Mr. Buchanan was besieged by a throng of small boys who were demanding a text from him. He made them all happy by giving each one of his red, heart-shaped cards with a scripture verse printed in gold thereon.

Sunday I could not walk to Victoria Hall to service, as it was too far, so I attended the Methodist Church nearby, and heard a good sermon by Rev. Mr. Butcher. I was introduced and invited by him to address the Sunday School at 2:30 o'clock, to which I agreed, then left to go to Sterling, a shelter for fallen women. I addressed them. They seemed deeply impressed and promised to live purer lives. Having delivered three addresses that day I was glad to return to my room and have a quiet moment with Christ and take a much needed rest.

Monday Miss Penny of Edinburgh wrote Lady Overtoun, asking her to arrange a meeting for me at their county seat, but as Lady Overtoun was very ill I was met by Lord Overtoun, a very pleasant and unceremonious gentleman, to whom I am grateful for many courtesies.

Tuesday the rain came down from a sky that promised to leak all day. I remained in to attend to my wearing apparel, which meant that I must take the proverbial stitch in time in order to save nine.

Wednesday I was invited to spend the evening with the Misses Cochran. I was told by the bell girl that it was not far but thought it best to take a car. I knew that meant at least two miles, so I boarded a car at Argyle street. After I had ridden five squares the conductor made his appearance to collect my fare, a half-penny, and I asked to be put off at Monteith Row. I did not know where that was and he very cheerfully informed me that he didn't know either. I had a mind to leave the car and find a conductor that did know, when a gentleman hearing the conversation, politely told me I was in the right car and that he would tell me when to get off. This greatly relieved me. In a few minutes we were there. I walked half a square and was at their home, which faced the Peoples Palace and the beautiful garden opposite. My hostess greeted me gladly. A nice little tea party and music were in progress. At seven-thirty o'clock I went to Victoria Hall to a meeting, where

we discussed the trip to Tarbert and the pleasure derived therefrom. Finally I bade them adieu for the night and was off to the Y. W. C. A. rooms where a letter awaited me, inviting me to Belfast, Ireland. I accepted this invitation and decided to leave on Friday.

Thursday I dined with Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth at their home at Knowhead, Cambuslang. By previous arrangement, Miss Cathie Gronbeck came for me. After boarding a car at Caledonian Station, an hour's ride brought us to this beautiful place to meet our host ond hostess. After having dinner and strolled through the garden, which was filled with blooming flowers, it was time to get back to the station. After a little delay we were back to the city at Miss Gronbeck's, spending a few more pleasant moments. I then left for the Women's Shelter, where I was to speak. There were in the chapel nearly two hundred persons. After singing and praying I was introduced by the matron, Miss Patterson. I spoke thirty minutes, then appealed to those who wished to have me explain what is meant by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ or possessing saving faith, to remain and talk the matter over. All filed out, but to my surprise thirty returned and desired to possess that faith. I proceeded to explain as best I could our Saviour's birth, suffering and death. When I was through every face was bathed in tears. I asked those who believed they were saved through His having paid the debt with His own life, to stand up. One stood, two, three, four, five, and I sang:

Almost persuaded, now to believe;
Almost persuaded, Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
Go Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day,
On Thee I'll call.

I tried also to sing this sweet song with my whole heart and soul:

Savour more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;

May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee.

What an outpouring of the Spirit! Twenty-five were standing with that new peace shining in their faces. Their tears were dried up, and they were helping me to sing. We bowed our heads and thanked God for the manifestation of His Holy Spirit. I sang, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and parted, feeling that God had abundantly rewarded me for my day's work.

As I reached the door the little band sang out, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

It was ten o'clock. I hurried to catch a car and reached the Y. W. C. A. rooms just as they were locking the doors for the night.

Friday morning I got my belongings together, breakfasted at eight, then started for the Caledonian Station to get the 8:45 train. Soon we reached Ardrossan, a smoky mining town, then an hour's ride and the guard called out in a nasal twang, "All off for the steamers." There were two at the docks, one for Arron, the other for Belfast. I took my seat on deck where it was nice and cool. Four hours' ride from Ardrossan brought us to Belfast. I was the only brown person on board, and everyone seemed to eye me with a "I-wonder-if-her-color-will-wash-out" expression on their faces.

CHAPTER XII.

ON IRISH SOIL.

We arrived at the Belfast docks. The licensed porters were grabbing at the parcels of passengers and charging six-pence to lift them from the steamer to the dock, a distance of perhaps fifteen feet. I carried my leather bag, wrap and parcel. It was all I could do to keep them from taking them from me. I held myself erect, looking sternly at them and they allowed me to pass. I soon got out of the crowd. I was glad that the Y. M. C. A. was not far from the dock. I was thinking of American miles and I asked the guide if it was a mile. He answered, "Sure not, about a half." So I made up my mind to walk as I did not like the looks of those Irish jauntings, a two-wheel affair,

the driver sitting on one side, the passenger on the other, with the luggage in the middle. A boy begged me to let him carry my satchel, saying he knew where the place was. I gave him four pence to lead me to the Institute Donegal. We walked for a mile in the hot sun. I asked him if he really knew where the place was. "Oh, it's a brave bit, yit." This was no consolation to me. However, when I was sure I had walked two miles I reached the institute.

After dinner I boarded a train for Upper Crescent, the home of Rev. Mr. Montgomery, who had advertised me to speak for him Sunday at seven o'clock p. m. I was also to speak that day at the Y. W. C. A. at four o'clock. I was tired out and after tea I wended my way up four flights of stairs and entered my room which had three beds in it. I saw a figure standing in the center of the room undressing—a woman, who greeted me with a smile and told me she had just arrived that day and that we were to room together. I smiled and said to her that I was glad to have company. She seemed very tired, too. Her eyes were large, encircled with dark rings and were unnaturally bright. Before I was undressed the gas was turned off and I was in the dark. I scrambled into bed some way and was fixed for a good sound sleep, but could not, as my room-mate sighed so much. I asked what was the trouble. She said she could not sleep on account of her headache. I offered to get up and put a wet cloth on it, but she refused, saying she was subject to headaches, that nothing gave her relief. After a while I fell asleep but was awakened by that strange feeling that some one was near me. I opened my eyes to find my room-mate standing over me, sighing and wringing her hands. The moon shone in at the window and fell upon her ghastly pale countenance looking me squarely in the face. I realized I was locked in the room with an insane person. I knew it would be worse for me to show the least fear, so I whispered a prayer to God for strength, and said in a soft voice, "Can you not sleep, my dear? I am so sorry. Shall I sit up and talk with you?" I sat up. She said, "Oh, why did you awake? I am so sorry." I put my arms around her waist, told her she must kneel down and we would pray to God to ease her pain. She clasped her hands to her head and said her brain was on fire. I saw she had bitten her finger nails until they were bleeding. I heard

the chimes say it was four. I offered another prayer. It would not be long before the servants came. She knelt by the bed and I by her side. I prayed aloud for God to help her, to calm the spirit of unrest that had possession of her. She shuddered with tears streaming down her cheeks. I got her to lie down. I had often been told my hands possessed the power to soothe. I gently stroked her forehead. Thank God, who answers prayer, she went to sleep. Though she breathed evenly I was afraid to leave her bedside. So I sat there watching her until six o'clock. I heard the servants moving about, got up quietly, stole to the door, unlocked it and peered up and down the hall but saw no one. I thought I would go down stairs and arouse some of them, but another thought came, saying the servants would be no help. They were all girls, who would simply get frightened, perhaps run out, give unnecessary alarm or awaken and frighten the sleeping woman. So I made up my mind to say nothing, but wait till after breakfast, see the superintendent, Miss Charlton, a kindly Christian lady, tell her quietly and she could see to her without the crazy woman's knowledge. I returned to the room, keeping an eye on the sleeper. At last the dressing bell rang, when she awoke with a start, asking me if I had been awake long. I answered, "Yes." She said she was so tired, having slept all night without moving. I said to her, "I am glad you rested so well, you had better get up and dress as the breakfast bell will soon ring." She obeyed and looked at me askance out of the corner of her eyes, then noticing her nails were full of blood she hid them in her palms, went to the bowl, washed and dried them. The bell rang. We went down to breakfast together. She ate well. I was sick and could only sip my tea. I was about to leave the table when she caught me around the waist, and asked me to come to the drawing room with her, she had something to tell me. I let her lead me off to hear her story or to see if she would mention anything of the night, but she wanted to tell me that she had taken a great liking to me and that she would like to be with me always. That she had just come from a doctor's home where she had been under his care for nervous prostration, and that she was tired of him and his wife. She wrote letters to her friends, that the doctor did not treat her right, and begged to be taken away,

which they did. She had a few relatives here, a father and sister who are either afraid of her or did not wish to be bothered with her. She got up from the chair and began pacing the floor, biting her nails and wishing she were dead. She went to the window, looked out and said, "I believe I will jump out and get rid of this pain in my head." I went to her, took her about the waist, seated her on the sofa, and told her she must never do this, for God would not receive her in His kingdom. He will forgive no self-murderer. I went to the piano, which stood in the corner of the drawing room, and sang that sweet song, "I Must Tell Jesus All My Troubles." She became quiet and lay on the sofa, closing her eyes, while I quietly left the room and went to the superintendent. She sent for the friend who had brought the lady to the institute. The friend came and packed the woman's effects and took her back to the doctor's whence she came. She rebelled, but after some persuasion got into a cab, and was soon off for the depot.

I thanked God the strain was over. I made ready to speak at this mission hall for Rev. Mr. Montgomery, just after speaking at on open air meeting.

Sunday I attended the Methodist Church, only a square away, addressed the Sunday School, then went upstairs to hear a stirring soul-reviving sermon by one of the local preachers and returned to the institute for dinner. At four p. m. I delivered another lecture for them in the lecture-room. Many were affected. I left to go to the sitting room, feeling as though I had done poorly. The girls came trooping in to see me. I felt like going to my room to inquire of the Saviour for the message for the night's meeting and then to rest a bit. When I got to the door I found a girl waiting there for me. I said, "Well my dear, what can I do for you?" She answered, "Oh, so much!" She looked around to see if anyone was near, then asked: "May I come into your room?" Seeing she was troubled I put my arm around her and drew her in. She shut the door. I gave her a seat on the bed by my side. She reminded me of my daughter Eva as she looked up at me inquiringly. I felt strangely drawn to her; again I asked, "What can I do for you, my dear?" "Well, said she, "when you spoke of that man who had committed murder this evening, how God forgave him and blessed his soul, I thought there was a chance

for me. I am a sinner, and you can't imagine how bad I am. I have been so mean. Do you think God will hear me if I pray to Him? Will He forgive me of all my sins?" I answered, "Yes, all of them. Shall I read you what He Himself says?" "Do, please, my heart is so full. I have no one who cares for me. Mother and Father are both dead. I work in one of the largest stores here. I feel so lonely and forsaken." "No," I answered, "never lonely, for the spirit of Christ is with thee." "St. Matthew xi, 28-30, says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light." "Yes, but do you think that means me?" she asked. Then I turned to John iii:16, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. And he that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten son of God. For Jesus is the light of the world, and those who love Him and keep His commandments are walking in the light."

All we have to do is to ask God to forgive us of our sins and believe that He will, and it is done. For "according to your faith so be it unto you," saith the Lord, "God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." Though you cannot see Him, He is right here listening to all we say. He reads our very thoughts, and knows whether we are sincere or not.

Isaiah i:18, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Will you believe this? This is for you." "Oh, I am so troubled," she said; "I want to do right. I want to be saved." "Well, my dear, hear what He says to you: St. Matt. v:6, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Now you are hungry to do right, to be saved. He says because you have this desire, you shall be filled." "Oh, yes," she said, "I love HIM." And then I read from St.

Matt. xxi:22, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing ye shall receive." We knelt and prayed. The tears were falling as she sobbed and cried aloud, "Lord help me." I said to her, "He is willing to save you just now. Romans x-8:14. Do you trust HIM?" "Oh, yes, with all my heart; and with all my soul and strength. Oh, yes, I do believe. Thank God." She was sitting on the bed then. The smiles coming after tears reminded me of sunshine when the rain is slackening.

She had faith in God. The clouds of unbelief had passed away. I exhorted her to pray, to continue praying, and ask God each morn of her life to protect, guard and guide her. She thanked me for the help I had given her.

The hour came for me to go to the Shankill Mission. She wanted to go with me. As we descended the stairs we found five other girls who wanted to go, and so they joined us.

I was introduced and spoke from St. John xi. Mary and Martha in their sore trouble, sent to tell Jesus. He came and there was joy in that home that night. The brother who was dead is alive and with them again. Let us tell Jesus all our troubles, He will help us. He knows just what to do if we will only trust Him, love, obey Him, all will be well. Never a night too dark for Him to come; never a road too long. I again sang that very sweet and comforting song:

"I must tell Jesus all of my troubles,
I cannot bear these burdens alone,
In my distress, He kindly will keep me,
He ever loves and cares for His own.
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus,
I cannot bear these burdens alone,
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus,
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone."

There is not one of us who has not had some burdens to bear. Some have grown weary of the burden of trying to bear it alone but finally found it too heavy. Brooding over these burdens night after night, then instead of telling it to Jesus and trusting it all to him, they steal away with a pistol in hand, a loud report is heard, a soul hurled into everlasting

misery and woe, forever banished from earth, and worse yet, from God.

Just now I am thinking of a corpse found floating in a canal not far from my home at New Orleans. It was that of a young girl with long golden hair. She was dragged ashore. Soon the coroner came and examining the corpse, found a note on her person. He read it and the sad story was told: "I am tired of living. I have been deceived. I was promised marriage but was disappointed. I cannot bear the shame of being a mother and not a wife. I cannot live with this shame to face the world. I go to meet God. Pray for me." Too late for prayers when we are dead. There is no repentance beyond the grave. It is true her burden was heavy, her grief might have seemed unbearable, but was not the grace of God sufficient to make even that burden light? Oh, if those burdened souls would only tell it to Jesus! Are you weary, are you heavy laden? Take all your complaints to the Master. He is ready, He is able, He is willing, He is merciful. Oh, yes, He will take care of His own.

I have had troubles—heavy ones—I took them to Jesus. He bore them for me. I can sing in the midst of them. Don't you know He says, "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted." That means that when we tell our troubles to Him and resolve to trust Him.

I left with the girls for my room. I had them coupled off. The girl who was converted in my room was clinging to me. We were behind. Her soul was happy. She sang as we walked along regardless of the many passers-by:

I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee,
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood,
That flowed from Calvary.

What joy comes into the heart of the sinner when the second birth takes place; when they believed that Jesus paid

it all long ago and they have made a personal application for that faith, love and peace which passeth all human understanding is theirs.

Do you not remember that mighty gathering at Jerusalem of Parthians, Arabians, Medes, Mesopotamians, Jews, Egyptians, Elamites, Ethiopians, etc., etc.? How the Apostles spoke to them and how attentively they listened? How many of them were baptized after hearing of the sufferings, death and resurrection of the Saviour? They did not wait for a better opportunity. They did not wait to see if they might come to Christ but came at once, believing and receiving the Baptism. Over 3,000 converts were added to the church that day. The disciples preached a clean-cut gospel; no frills, no trying to please the world of fashion, no working for large salaries to build palaces to live in; no laying away where moth doth corrupt or thieves break through and steal. They were satisfied. They knew they had a place above not made with human hands but eternal in the heavens.

How happy is every child of grace,
Who feels his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cried, is not my place,
I seek a home in heaven.
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I view,
A country fair the saints delight,
A heaven prepared for you.

Tuesday I visited the Royal Botanic Gardens, which were very pretty, and covered about two acres of ground.

In the evening I went to Rev. Mr. Montgomery's Mission Hall again, found him pleading with souls as usual. Every child seemed to love him. Even the saloon-keeper, whose traffic he condemned in the strongest terms, seemed to like and respect this man of God. He preached at his own church, a good mile away, on Sunday evening, and walked to the Mission Hall, as he did not believe in riding on the Sabbath. He took up his text and preached a clear, plain sermon, laboring with any who would remain after service, praying and teaching them the way to Christ, being full of the love of God, patient, kind and loving to all, giving a

cheerful word here and there as he passed through the crowd. Such is the Rev. Mr. Henry Montgomery of Belfast, Ireland. Oh, for more such men to labor in the vineyard of the Lord, and to lead the gospel army along.

Wednesday I was out sightseeing. I visited the great store of Robinson and Cleaver, fancy linen manufacturers. The ground floor is used as a sales room and general drapery shop. There one can see the women making lace by hand, embroidering handkerchiefs and ladies' wearing apparel. I went to the top of the building where I had a good view of the city of Belfast, which is certainly worth seeing. On the outskirts of the city can be seen the hills which enclose the city. These hills are covered with wild flowers, which seem to form a most beautiful background to the city of pressed brick and stone buildings.

I returned to the institute tired out, found a Mr. Vance, of Clorine Garden, awaiting me. He is a wealthy philanthropist who has three large homes at Bangor-by-the-Sea, about twenty miles from Belfast, where he entertains at the small sum of $1.75 per week any tired holiday-hunting man, woman or child. He came to ask me to go on Thursday to visit these homes and deliver addresses. In the meanwhile two ministers had called and as soon as I had shaken hands with Mr. Vance and had seen him to the door, I was called into the secretary's private parlor to meet them. They were reverend gentlemen, who wished me to speak to their congregations on Sunday. I explained to them with regret that I would be unable to do so as I had an engagement in Glasgow for Sunday and my steamer ticket was out on Friday. They offered to buy me another ticket if I would cancel this engagement, but I could not do that. One of the gentlemen turned to the other and asked if it would be right to pray that a fog would rise and prevent the steamer leaving, or worse still, a storm. We all joined in a hearty laugh. They regretted very much my short stay of only a week and asked me to return to them as soon as I could. I said good-bye and just as I was about to ascend the stairs a lady called to ask if I would address a mission she had charge of, on Thursday evening. I, of course, had to refuse this invitation also, as I had two engageemnts to fill that day. The bell rang for supper; I went down. A minister's wife came to say her husband had sent her to ask if I would speak to his congregation on Friday night. This I

was again compelled to refuse, as I would leave the city on that evening. At last I was relieved of these many kind-hearted people who did me the honor to wish me to speak for them.

Thursday we were at the station. Mr. Vance secured our tickets. We got into a first-class carriage, several other gentlemen going along. Mr. Black, a worthy Christian leader of the Belfast Y. M. C. A., wanted to know if I could give them a lecture. I regretted that I could not. Arriving at Bangor we took the only conveyance in sight—the Irish jaunting car. Looking perplexedly at this car, Mr. Vance noticed me and guessed the trouble. "Have you ever ridden on one before?" he asked. "No, sir." "Well," he laughingly said, "come, don't be afraid, let me help you up." He advised me to plant my feet firmly and hold on to the iron rail. No need to tell me this, for I was already holding on with a good grip as if my life depended upon it.

The driver started off at a good pace and I felt as if I were on a see-saw. Finally we reached the house, a large three-story brick building, high on the hills, facing the sea. The matron kindly showed me around. After this we visited the men and boys' holiday home, about fifteen minutes walk. This is on the same order as the first. They were to assemble at the large hall of the girls' home at half past five when I was to address them. The hour having arrived, Mr. Vance and the matron led the way. The hall was filled. I spoke forty minutes. They seemed favorably impressed and many came forward to shake my hand.

After supper the man came forward with his jaunting car to take us to the station, where we got our car to Belfast.

I reached the institute just in time to lay off my jacket and go on the rostrum, where there had been placed a lovely bouquet of roses with their inviting odor. Several hymns were sung. After being introduced I selected my hymn, prayed, read a chapter and explained it. Some were moved to tears and remained to be prayed for. This was my last night in Belfast. I could hardly get away to my room, because there were so many girls who wanted to speak to me, or have me write my name in their autograph albums. I never could boast of my penmanship, but, of course, I accommodated as many as could make their way to me.

Friday was nice and clear in the morning but cloudy in the evening and rain came down in torrents. I had letters to write, my bag to pack, which was indoor work; hence I was not worried.

In the meanwhile a letter came from Mr. Buchanan, inviting me to his home to spend the day with four other ladies. I answered, accepting and thanking him. As it was still raining and I must leave the institute at three o'clock to catch the steamer at four, I got the superintendent to send a maid in quest of a cab. Finding none, she ordered a jaunting car, which I again mounted, my umbrella in hand to keep off the rain, as these conveyances have no covers. We went off amid a chorus of good-byes. We had ridden about seven squares when I noticed in front an Irish woman with a whip in hand urging on a donkey attached to a little two-wheeled wagon filled with vegetables. We were almost upon them and the donkey had made up his mind to be stubborn, and as quickly as a thought, backed across our path. I realized the gravity of the situation, and prepared myself to fall into a soft spot. When the driver saw just what was coming he wheeled his horse just in time, and I was saved from a mix-up with the vegetables. I looked back when we were two squares off, and still the fat bareheaded Irish woman was arguing with the contrary animal, which shook its head and seemed bent on turning around in that particular place.

At last I was aboard the steamer and we were soon on our way. The sea was rough, the spray splashed on deck, but I stuck to it. Many who had gone into the saloon below to escape the water had become seasick.

After six hours on the Irish Sea we reached our destination. We boarded a train at Ardrossan for Glasgow, which place we reached at eleven o'clock at night. The Misses Gronbeck were there to meet us and what a pleasure it was to meet these dear friends! They relieved me of my luggage. We walked to the institute, a short distance, where I was expected. Feeling somewhat fatigued, I was glad to get to my room.

Saturday the Misses Gronbeck came to take me to Killearn, the home of Mr. Buchanan. We were at the depot and an hour's ride brought us to Killearn, a lovely country village, with here and there a pretty grayish stone house with thatched roof, the typical country garden with potatoes, gooseberries, and cabbages. Leaving here, a few minutes' walk brought us

to the public road. Large trees with their leafy boughs were lined on either side, casting a cool shade over the road, thus protecting us from the brightly shining sun. Away to the left we saw the great rocky hills rising nearly to the clouds, apparently, and a cow standing on the very top, though it seemed hardly possible that an animal could have climbed such a steep hill.

We crossed the river, which was spanned by a stone bridge half covered with ivy. The spot was so fascinating we could scarcely tear ourselves away. We stood for quite a while watching the water as it tumbled over the rocks, then wound its way in and out around the steep hills. We turned about to continue our walk to the glen which we saw in the distance. Instead of following the road which had many turns, we took a short cut across the fields of newly-mown hay. Reaching the entrance of the glen, what a sight greeted our eyes! How will I find words to describe this most beautiful handiwork of nature? In the middle is seen an amber-colored stream about ten feet in the widest part. On the left is a path, in some places not a foot wide, and rising high above us on either side, one hundred or more feet. A continuous wall of stone covered here and there with liverwort, and a close clinging, short, feathery-like moss, and a few bluebells and yellow mites, and other flowers varying in color followed the path.

We passed on to the "wishing well" close to the stone wall where we had to walk very near to the large stream to keep from stepping in the well. The well is round and seems not more than a foot in depth from the crown to the white rocky bottom. Having a cup, our party of five drank again and again of this cool, clear, sparkling water, but it was just as full when we stopped as when we began.

We passed on around the curve of a roughly hollowed-out rocky wall, octagon-shaped, about twelve feet wide. Its wall and ceiling are richly tinted and overhead on the brow of the hill are trees with their bright green foliage meeting across the opening, now and then allowing rays of sun to peer faintly through. The wind, like a living thing, seemed to whisper through their boughs. My friends and I were so filled with the solemn beauty of the surroundings that we were tempted to consult our muse, with the following results:

"In Finnick's Glen, sequestered dell,
Where wild flowers in profusion bloom,
I stood beside the 'wishing well,'
One lovely autumn afternoon.
The sight which met my raptured gaze,
And fixed itself upon my brain,
Shall never be by time erased,
Although I never visit it again.

A rock scooped out by hands unseen,
Stands like a temple, grand and old,
The walls are hung with emerald green,
Which autumn's breath will soon turn gold.
The roof with splendor all its own,
Unconsciously attracts the eye,
And greater beauty still is shown
To all who will but venture nigh.

Rich shades of brown and sombre gray,
With red and amber all unite,
Affording a unique display
Of varied colors dark and bright.
Huge pieces of that hallowed rock,
With liverwort are covered o'er,
These form the seats which rest upon
The thick moss carpet on the floor.

No sound of preacher's voice is heard;
'Tis nature speaks to all who hear,
Through rippling brooklet, tree and bird,
Just lend her an attentive ear.
I'll never pass this way again,
To slake the thirst of flower and tree;
So let me seize the moments when
A help to others I may be.

A bird up in the shady tree,
In sweetest dulcet tones did raise
A song of simple melody,
To thrill out its Creator's praise.
Praise for a father's tender care;
Praise for the spreading oak tree's shade;
Praise for the beauty everywhere;
Praise for all this beauty He made.

The humble lichen and the fern
Have each a mission to fulfill;
In their own sphere could we but learn
To do so quietly God's will.
A little blue-eyed, smiling flower
Looked up from a shady spot,
With a message sweet from her bower;
God says through me, "forget-me-not."

"What say you, little sparkling well,
With water overflowing so?"
"Oh, I've been here for centuries,
And I delight to overflow.
I live for others' happiness,
And doing this I find my own;
God wishes me to live for this,
Inside my little walls of stone."

The wind sent through the trees a sigh,
And sadly breathed a requiem,
O'er these sweet flowers, which so soon shall die,
And sleep the cold dark earth within.
Farewell, farewell, thou brooklet clear,
Thou temple rock and sparkling well;
Birds, trees, and flowers dear,
In Killearn in Finnick's Glen, farewell."

After a stroll through the village, which was a mile from the Glen, we returned to the station where we got our car to Glasgow.

Sunday was a fair day, so I visited the mission and spoke at Victoria Hall at eleven o'clock to a splendid audience of about 400 people. I spoke only fifteen minutes and then bade these kind Scotch friends good-bye.

Sunday we had a song and prayer service at the institute. They knew I was to leave before another Sunday, so I had to do all the singing.

Monday morning I got my belongings together, wrote a number of letters home, one to The Item, which took much of my time.

Tuesday I took tea with some of my friends, then a last look at Glasgow's shops.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN LONDON AND PARIS.

Wednesday I boarded a train for London. We arrived at Victoria Station at nine o'clock at night and as my friend, Miss Firth, lived some distance from London, I had a half-hour's ride by the underground train and another half by the surface train. Finally, I reached her home. She was glad to see me but scolded me because I did not write, telling her what hour I would arrive so that they could meet me; for they feared I might get lost coming for the first time to the largest city in the world.

I spent Thursday reading and writing letters, one to my friend, Helen Noble, who was still urging me to come on to Paris. After a week's rest in London I left for Paris, France. After a little tossing at the docks we were off for the continent. I was feeling drowsy and went to the ladies' cabin for rest. I found three deep lines of shelves known as berths. The wall was covered with velvet cushions. I was assigned to one of these shelves by the stewardess. Being the top shelf I didn't care much for it, so she condescended to give me a lower one. When we had slept about three hours the captain and purser came to collect our tickets, then left us to our uninterrupted slumber. In a little while we heard the boat whistle for Dieppe. We scrambled on deck, bags in hand, ready to go ashore. We were soon in the searching room, our bags examined and released, and on the cars ready to start for Paris. The train started, stopped, started, stopped again and continued this nearly all the way to Paris. I was told by a gentleman that the guard, who sometimes forgets his lunch, simply stops the train short, keeps it standing for a quarter of an hour until he has taken his lunch at some wayside creamery. He picks his teeth awhile, then with a grunt of satisfaction boards the train, blows the whistle and pulls out. We should have arrived at Gare St. Lazare Station according to schedule at 7:15 a. m., but it pleased our crew to bring us in at eleven a. m.

My friends were awaiting me. We took a cab for Rue de Berrie, paying one franc and fifty centimes. As soon as I was settled in my room I got my money and began to exchange the English money for French. When I left America I had changed some money at the Philadelphia docks into English money, with which at times, I would amuse myself counting it

over and over, feeling perfectly sure I had it all right, but when I went shopping at Edinburgh the clerk informed me that the waterproof which I desired to purchase was twenty-four shillings nine pence ha'penny. I was completely dazed and all my knowledge of the table of English money had flown. Luckily for me my hostess, Miss Hog, helped me out.

For example: A guinea or sovereign and four shillings or six-pence and a tri-penny bit and nine-pence, all together in American money would be six dollars and six cents. So I went home and made up my mind to get the money all straightened out. I had it all right now and could count it as quickly as anyone else. I had a handful of French money—five centimes, one sou, twenty centimes, two sou. One piece, fifty centimes, is about the size of a ten-cent piece in American money; a franc, or 100 centimes, is a handful of coppers, amounting to only twenty cents in our money; then the two-franc pieces—only forty cents—are about the size of an American half-dollar.

At last I had mastered it. I did not go out Saturday but took a much-needed rest to be ready for Sunday. I went to an American church just in the block near me. All the seats were taken, but I enjoyed the service. In the evening we entertained these visitors: Mr. Calloway, in charge of the Negro Educational Exhibit at the Exposition; Mr. Herndon, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. Lewis and Mr. Franklin, of New Orleans, La., and Miss Warrick, of Philadelphia, who was studying sculpture in Paris. The evening was pleasantly spent, and after chatting a little while we retired to rest.

Monday I spent the day at the Exposition, having a complimentary ticket. It is useless for me to attempt any description of the great Exposition. However, I must make some mention of the things which attracted my attention most.

The electric illumination was most magnificent, especially that of the Eiffel Tower, which was a blaze of light. It is the highest structure in Paris; indeed, it is said to be the highest in the world made by human hands. The River Seine looks very pretty, lined on either side by the many buildings all aglow with the reflections from the numerous colored lights. With the steam tugs plying up and down the water, crowded with merry pleasure-seekers, it would seem like a dream but for the noisy babble and the band playing in the Trocadero. It was late and my eyes were tired. I had seen enough for the day.

Tuesday we took in some of the sights of Paris, beginning with the large stores, then to the Latin quarter where we were to spend the evening and have supper in Miss Warrick's studio —a lovely artistic little den. With music and tea the time soon passed. Our pleasant company parted and another day had flown.

Wednesday, we spent at the Exposition again, visiting the Beaux Arts, with the lifelike pictures, and beautiful statuary. It is difficult to tell which was the best. We wandered from building to building, viewing here and there the marvelous skill and genius of the men and women of to-day. Once we stopped to see them manufacture liquid air, and I asked my Father in Heaven, "What next?" We remained till nine o'clock at night to see the largest cinematograph in the world in the Salle de Fete where thousands were gathered and seated to witness it. It was as amusing as it was beautiful to see these lifelike pictures of people moving along. This being over, we departed for home.

Thursday we decided to remain indoors for recuperation and to write, having tired ourselves out the day before.

Friday we were off to the Exposition again. We first visited the Palace of Illusions, then the Petit Palais, after which we spent the greater part of the morning in Mr. Calloway's department observing the Negro exhibit, of which we felt justly proud, for it equaled any of the Saxon race. The Negro must be given credit for having made such wonderful strides toward the highest type of Christian civilization, to say nothing of his progress in art, literature, science, etc., and all in a little more than a quarter of a century. If one could have looked upon the wonderful productions of this people at the Paris Exposition I believe he would hardly ask himself the question, "Where will the Negro rank in the great progress of humanity at the close of the twentieth century?" Father Time alone can answer. But permit me to say, although kept down by oppression and everything which tends to discourage, he will take his place, one day, among the greatest races of the world.

I have the picture of Tuskegee's great industrial institute in my mind and I look back to see whence it came. I see Booker T. Washington coming through hard trials and many cares, coming to take his place and to lead his people out of the wilderness of ignorance.

Tuskegee, thou art as a light upon a high hill whose rays are reflected throughout the universe. May the sunshine of thy glory continue to dawn on benighted Africa.

We visited the Louvre, the National Art Gallery of France. It is a very large stone structure, the pride of the city and nation. It has a most beautiful and rare collection of paintings and sculpture. One could spend days looking at these creations of man's brain and marvel at his ingenuity, feeling sure that God has made him next to Himself. Here we see the original statue of the much-praised Venus de Milo. My freind Helen knew my time was short, so we left here for the Pantheon.

Here, too, could be seen the paintings of H. O. Tanner, one of the sons of Africa, his "Raising of Lazarus," which was purchased by the French Republic and hung in their museum, and his "Daniel in the Lion's Den." For these he received the Grand Prix in the Exposition.

The Pantheon has many underground cellars, we are told 170 crypts or burial places. The building is very old, having gone through several wars, and it is still strong and intact. Here lie Voltaire, Victor Hugo, John J. Rousseau, President Carnot, Brethelot, and many others whose lives help to make the history of France. Senfleu, the architect who furnished the model for this building, killed himself by jumping from the top to the ground because the building did not present the imposing picture he expected it would. He sleeps here among the other noted characters.

Saturday, we visited the tomb of the great Napoleon, which is a massive structure, facing the river Seine, and as we leaned over the rail and gazed upon the raised marble base supporting the casket that holds the dust of the world's greatest general, the thought came to me, how much more worthily this man could have employed his dauntless courage and determination! Here he lies, or what is left of the once great character, in deep slumber, in everlasting sleep, the sleep that must come to all whether he be rich or poor, master or servant, king or serf.

The lofty dome overhead is artistically painted by masters long since dead. The long octagon-shaped stained glass windows let in a peculiar light which fell full upon a cross bearing the image of our Saviour. This cross stands directly over the entrance to the crypt, behind which is the exit from the church whose high carved arched ceiling is decorated with the many

flags Napoleon won in battles. He has his wish; before dying he said: "Let my ashes rest on the banks of the Seine among the people I so much loved."

We left here to go to the morgue. It is strange what a peculiar fascination the horrible has for some. While one look is more than enough for me others stand and gaze long at these gruesome sights of silent ones lying there staring at the ceiling with sightless eyes, and frozen stiff, awaiting identification, or burial at the city's expense. Having enough of this we left on one of the boats to go down the river Seine, which wends its way through the city. We passed through the Exposition grounds to the suburbs where there were many pretty little villas. The boat stopped at St. Cloud, where we decided to get off and see some of the pretty places that the royalty of France delighted in building.

Here the German army had a camp of 80,000 men while besieging Paris. There are many monuments of these officers to be seen at this place. Here also are the fine hunting grounds of Napoleon and his castle, together with the castles of Zola, Gambetta, and Worth, the well-known man-milliner who has dressed many of the world's great women. The first sight which presented itself was a French wedding among the middle class. There were the bride and groom, the father, the mother, and other members of the family, all seated at tables on the sidewalk having their dinner, which consisted of more drink than food. This being over they arose, the bride and groom leading the way, the bridesmaid and best man following, then the family, all walking in the middle of the red-gravelled street. The bride with her white silk train thrown over her arm and her veil tied around her waist, did not seem to think of her white slippers as she fondly leaned on her husband's arm. We joined in the procession and followed this happy, cheerful party to one of the gardens. But as we were hungry we soon retraced our steps to the restaurant which we had just passed. We were hailed by a young girl who invited us to stop at her table, which we did. The menu was written in English on a large blackboard which hung on a tree near the table, hence we had no trouble in selecting what we wanted to eat. We seated ourselves and gave our order to the waiter, who brought us a loaf of bread about a yard long and about two inches wide, then our milk, ham and eggs. We ate our light supper ,enjoying much the French fried eggs. We called for our bill and got it, but were surprised at the exorbitant price, scarcely believing we

saw aright. But it was written quite plainly, 5 francs 50 centimes for three persons. My friend, Mrs. Noble, who speaks French, called the waiter and asked him to explain. He did. Ham and eggs for three persons, 75 centimes each; milk for three persons, 30 centimes per glass; bread, 30 centimes per loaf; in like manner knife and fork so many centimes; tablecloth and napkins so many centimes, and last the waiter's pourboire (tip). We quickly agreed and put 4 francs on the table and walked away while the waiter stood making many gestures and talking loudly. We hurried to our boat, glad to shake the dust of St. Cloud from our feet.

The ride back was delightful. As we approached the Exposition ground the lights from the many buildings were reflected again and again in the water. The Eiffel Tower sent out a greater light than all with its myriads of electric globes, purple and red. We left here to take a ride on the Champs Elysee and the boulevards, where we saw the cafes all aglow with lights and the many tables on the sidewalks, nearly all occupied with patrons busy satisfying themselves with the essentials of life. Then we visited the Bastile. We walked over this historic spot, and after viewing the high statue erected in the center we strolled leisurely to our abode.

Sunday we visited some of the Protestant churches, saw many in these, but few in the other churches. After attending early mass we went out to see how France really spends her Sunday. Therefore I must be pardoned for looking upon the balance of the day as I would a day in the week. My friend Helen advised that we go to Versailles first. We boarded a train, and after an hour's ride and a half-hour's walk we reached Versailles. The streets were very wide and well shaded with trees which seemed to meet, presenting a picturesque view. We reached the gates of the palace where we bought a book of views for fifty centimes. We entered the large courtyard leading to the palace which was built in the shape of the letter "T." We soon passed around it and out through the most magnificent park I had ever seen, with its long avenues of trees and its life statues in white marble. Just in front was a minature lake whose center was ornamented by a large statue of Neptune driving a span of horses. The sides of this lake as far as I could see were lined with what looked like gray marble. All the avenues seemed to terminate in the center of this palace ground. As you looked up each avenue you caught a gleam of some of the large statues. Among the statues here and there

were seats placed in the large green, evenly-kept spaces. There was no such sign to greet the eye as "Keep off the grass." The long benches on their green carpet were rather inviting and one was easily persuaded to stop awhile. We were unable to resist the temptation so we selected a place for rest where we could eat our luncheon. This proved to be cool and shady and thickly surrounded with shrubbery which shut us from sight. We then took a tour through the palace a quarter of a mile in length. It has 1,800 rooms and 50 galleries. If all the pictures in these rooms were placed side by side they would form a line seven miles long. On hearing this we decided not to attempt to see them all. We were stopped at the entrance to the art gallery by the guard, who demanded our parasols for the keeping of which he charged 25 centimes. There were rooms full of war pictures. Here we saw a picture of George Washington and Lafayette commanding the battle of Yorktown. How the French glory in war! The walls of the room of Louis XVI were adorned with the finest tapestry. The bed with its rich silk draperies, at the head of which stood his bust, was beautiful almost beyond description. The room of his wife, a much smaller apartment, had scarcely any furniture, only here and there a settee to rest upon. We entered the saloon of mirrors which reached from the floor to the ceiling. The chandeliers pendant from the ceiling were decorated with cut-glass. There were only a few marble busts in this room. From here we went to the statuary department. As is the case in every place in France, nude pictures are to be seen in abundance. We went to another long corridor where is found the statue of Catherine de Medici, and the figures of other persons belonging to the French nobility; also those of bishops and cardinals.

We then wended our way a mile to the further end of the palace grounds, to the Petit Trianon, built by Louis XIV for the lady whom he desired to honor. The rooms were finely finished and adorned with quaint, lovely vases, old clocks of great value. The bed stood just as it did in the days of its fair occupant. From the window one has a view of a pretty garden. Far beyond, almost hidden from view is another statue standing in the center of the garden. The sight is so grand one really wonders if it isn't a dream. Well may the French say, "La Belle France." It also was in this room that Napoleon was divorced from the unhappy Josephine. The room is of fine marble. In another room is Napoleon's billiard table. Next to the room of Josephine is the dining room of Marie

Antoinette, and the reception room of the Duke of Orleans. It has the finest of gilt furniture and paintings of the past monarchs of France. Here also is the bedroom beautifully furnished which was used by Queen Victoria when on a visit to France. We next visited the carriage-house and saw the carriage Napoleon used, which cost $200,000. We were told there are fifty-seven fountains in the park and three hundred and sixty statues. On the staircase is seen marks of the conflict which ensued when Marie Antoinette tried to escape from the mob during the Reign of Terror and the brave Swiss guards gave their lives to save her.

Everywhere at Versailles one sees signs of reckless extravagance. It must have required an army of servants to look after it all. Wage-earners in France get little for their labor. I saw men working on the railroads for two francs a day, forty cents in American money, and the young women doing housework at seventy-five centimes a day, fifteen cents in American money. Still nearly all manage to save something and have a bank account. The French are a thrifty people. Their principal saying is, "Spend less than you get." The poorest buy their government bonds, called rentes. A French rente can be purchased for ten francs, $2.00 in American money. They save these rentes without even spending the income therefrom, which is also saved, and the coupon is placed in the bank to make up more money at compound interest. If trouble comes and they need the money, the bank they bought the bond from will advance them money on their bonds as though it were real estate. Have money and you have friends and power.

We left this house where the nobility was wont to hold forth and walked down one of the broad avenues to the lake where there was a boat race in progress, which hundreds had gathered to witness. Soon the fountains in different parts of the grounds began to play, each sending up streams of water, some a hundred feet high.

We left for the train. People had been coming out all day in great trainloads and nearly everyone was rushing to get back to Paris. All wanted to get back on the same train, so we ran nearly a quarter of a mile to get a seat. We returned to the city in a train that appeared to be a half-mile in length. We went to the Exposition and found as many, if not more than at Versailles. I was told by those who are supposed to know, that there were similar crowds at St. Cloud, but scarcely anyone at church. Paris has no time for this.

The grand churches of stone with their many spires reaching up to the clouds as it seems, with their silver and gold altar decorations, their lovely, almost priceless stained windows, their many solid locked chests containing priceless relics of the dead saints, are simply for show, and when mass is said the whole affair seems like a play, something that must be done and gotten through with in order to attend to the matters of greater importance.

On visiting the Notre Dame one is met at the door by a beggar with outstretched hand imploring help. As you enter, a sister of charity is kneeling on a chair with a cup which is thrust at you. A little further on another has candles to sell, so that you can leave a light in the church and a prayer for some departed loved one whose soul may thus be lighted toward heaven. After you have run this gauntlet of money gatherers you meet the guide who wants you to pay him fifty centimes to show you to the crown of thorns said to have been worn by our Saviour; also a coat worn by St. Paul, and the dress in which Marie Antoinette was beheaded. These are all stored in a strong box in an alcove of the church. Should you ascend the winding stair you must pay another fifty centimes. All this is in the house of the Lord. Here, as everywhere else one turns, couples are seen making love to each other, paying no attention to visitors. No crowd is too large to prevent them from kissing each other when they feel so disposed. In the Exposition grounds they are seen sitting on the benches in full glare of the electric lights with their arms around each other billing and cooing. Should you become disgusted at their lack of modesty and try to escape from witnessing their caressing or hearing words of endearment (in soft tones of French) you will simply run upon another couple sitting with arms around each other or strolling along in front of you. Suddenly they stop with an "Ah, ma chere amie," and then kiss, kiss, kiss. You must walk around if you would not fall over them. These French people seem to love above all else and they sacrifice everything on this altar, thinking they do well for "la grande passion," as they call it.

Paris is magnificent in respect to its arts, scenery and cleanliness; but as to its morals, I think it a Sodom and Gomorrah. It seems to me God will not suffer it to continue in this way. Of course there are some noble families with very high morals. These never allow their daughters to go any-

where, even in daylight, without a chaperone, and they are right.

I am wondering why the Salvation Army has not stormed this place long ago. There are many French people among the Protestant ministry. Here is a field where there are comparatively no laborers and the harvest truly great. The Magdaline and all the other churches dedicated to the services of our Lord ought to be filled to overflowing with those who earnestly seek to worship him. I do not mean that any particular denomination should be used to spread the gospel, as there is no such thing with God as a denomination. I do mean that more earnest and sincere efforts should be put forth for the enlargement of the Kingdom of God. We are all laboring for the advancement of His Kingdom, all fighting for the same cause. Verily, there is a heaven, and only those who keep His commandments and are pure in heart shall see His face and be admitted into the everlasting paradise. I do not object to the many denominations; perhaps it is better so, for those who are not satisfied with one have scores of others from which to select.

'Tis true, sadly true, that many of the leaders who claim that Christ called them to lead His people and feed His sheep, are men who practice quite another life from that which they preach. Indeed I have known, personally, two ministers of the gospel who seduced young girls living under the same roof with them and their families. One of these girls died in the hospital while in maternity, the other came out with the living evidence to care for. The wife left this inhuman wretch who claimed to have been a representative of Christ, took the girl back and succeeded in getting a friend to adopt the child. Her eyes were streaming with tears as she said to me: "I could not see the baby before me as a reminder of my husband's fall, and my niece's shame. I suffered enough and I am asking God to help me forget this bitter, shameful period of my life and to help me mourn him as dead rather than one who is alive."

Oh, the heartaches of this life because of humanity's unfaithfulness to humanity, and worse than all, to God. My brother, God wants you to practice what you preach, to be pure in heart and to preach that gospel which is pleasing in His sight. Oh, Judas, thou art still alive and for a moment of sensual pleasure, a mess of pottage or a bag of silver or gold, you will crucify the Lord afresh. Think of it, a Catholic priest forgetting that he was a disciple of Christ, a representative of God,

leading a trusting, innocent girl from the path of virtue and when she could hide her shame no longer, took her to a certain house where she was never seen to come out again. A cry as to her whereabouts was raised. She was traced to this place, the woman in charge confessed, implicating the parish priest, who heard and fled to parts unknown. The cellar of the house was searched and the dead body of the girl found, showing marks of foul play. The woman was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary. The priest was never captured. Shame, oh, blushing shame! One a Protestant, the other a Catholic, claiming to be sent from God to represent Him in His glory. What poor ambassadors of a righteous King!

The man who feels himself called to be in the Christian army ought to ask himself these questions: "Can I overcome the three great evils—wine, women and money?" And when he has prayerfully searched himself, if he is not quite sure he can, he had better give up and pursue some other avocation in life, for he may rest assured Delilah is not dead. She has her daughters by the scores, ever ready to deliver him to the Philistines who are waiting at every church door. I have seen a Delilah enter the home of a minister when his wife was out of the city. The gossipers took notice; it was whispered from one to another that Delilah has money, spending it freely, buys the minister's clothes. Delilah made no secret now of her relations to him. Finally she heard of this weak man visiting the house of some woman whom she did not like. She met her rival, words followed, then a hair-pulling. Both were arrested and their troubles aired in court. The minister had to vacate his charge and leave with his heartbroken wife for some other place to try life over again. His poor wife loved him and she had to stay with him, for he was the father of her children. She said: "I wedded him for better or for worse, until death do us part." He demands of her a white life; like Caesar's wife, she must be above reproach; when indeed there should be a white life for both, bound in holy matrimony to work for God.

Why cannot the disciples of to-day follow the Lord's directions sent to John's father, Zachariah, as to how he was to rear John in order that he might give God acceptable service. The angel Gabriel brought the same message straight from God. He said he wanted lips clean, free from strong drink, in order that he might be great in the sight of the Lord, and prepare the people for His coming. His coming to us again is not far off,

for the Jews are going back to Jerusalem to welcome Him. What a surprise when He comes to the drunken, licentious, thieving, money-hunting, self-called disciples! What surprise will be pictured on their faces when he says: "I know you not, ye workers of iniquity, who sat in the high places, who loved high-sounding salutations, ye who borrowed from the widow her last mite, left her in suffering and want, ye who betrayed the innocent, trusting young girls who came to look to you to seek the way of salvation and light, ye who are fathers of illegitimate children; ye who have coveted your brother's wife; ye who have made my house a den of thieves;—away with you to a devil's hell; away with you, I know you not; you have dishonored me in name; you have wrought great ills. Ah, it is well my book, the Bible, was in reach of the people, or they, thinking you were my true messenger, might have followed you. Could you not have stood by me like Latimer or Ridley, or the weak woman, Ann Askew, who were tortured at the stake because they would be true to me during the dawn of Protestantism in England where many martyrs fell? Could you not have been a Livingstone, a Richard Allen and the many black martyrs who gave their lives in my name during the reign of slavery?

Ye weak, vascillating creature, ye have saved you life by catering to the flesh. You shall lose your souls although you have gained the world. Ye have given my house to the tricksters, magicians, soothsayers, lovers of amusement and the devil is happy when you thus dishonor me. Could you not leave the house dedicated to me free from such things? Was not the outside world large enough? My work can and must be carried on without the devil's help. I am rich in houses and lands, in silver and gold. The world is mine and the fullness thereof. Hadst thou asked of me and trusted me I would have sent thee aid for all thy needs. (Luke 24:12). "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, while neither have storehouses nor barns, and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls? And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit? If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest? Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?" What! Would

ye make excuses? I will not have them. (John 14: 14-15). "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Is that not plain? Are not those assurances enough to save ten thousand times ten thousand worlds like ours? Are not His rich promises sufficient to save the world? Ought we not to trust Him, love Him and keep His commandments? Let the pew follow the ministers as long as they walk in the righteousness of Christ, and when they stop to cater to the world, let us pass them by. Keep the narrow path that leads to Christ.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world (I John 4: 1)." Thank God for the blessed Bible. Read the views of some of the ablest men on that matchless book that has stood the test of ages. It makes good reading in this day of many false prophets. "In this book," said Ewald to Dean Stanley, "is all the wisdom of the world." "That book," said Andrew Jackson, as he lay on his deathbed, "is the rock on which our Republic rests." "Bring me the Book" said Walter Scott when about to die. "What book?" asked Lockhart. "The Book, the Bible, there is only one." Said the great chemist Farraday: "Why will people go astray when they have this blessed book to guide them?" "If we be ignorant," say the translators of 1611, "the scriptures will instruct us: if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us. If in heaviness they will comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us." Heine, the infidel, said: "What a book! Vast and wide as the world rooted in the abysses of creation, towering up behind the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all in this book."

The way is so plain that none need err. Thank God for the ministers who are striving to walk in His likeness and keep His commandments. Thank God for the marked improvements along all lines. Indeed, our race more than any other, perhaps, needs a cleaner ministry, a purer ministry. If we would better the moral condition of our people we must appeal to the ministry to forward, march and charge with all their might.

At last I am to leave Paris and go back to London. I have seen the principal sights and am glad to get back where one cannot witness such display of immorality. The English

Channel, I am told, is unusually rough; nearly all were seasick on board. I was truly glad when I reached shore and bade farewell to the steamer "Rouen," and took the train at New Haven for Clapham Junction, changed cars there for Streatham Hill, London. At last I was in my room, telling Misses Firth and Longfield my experience during my visit to France.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIGHTSEEING IN LONDON.

In my absence the Misses Firth and Lonfield had been planning trips for me. I was to go to Westminster Abbey. In the morning we started: fifty-five minutes' ride on the train, then a walk over Westminster bridge which spans the muddy River Thames, and we reached the House of Parliament. We were admitted and as we climbed the steps the guard eyed my silk handbag suspiciously. Finally he approached and asked me to open it. I inquired somewhat indignantly, "For what?" He said he wanted to look into it. My friend laughed at me, saying that it was the custom. I answered: "If they have lost anything I have not found it." Anyway, I opened the bag. He peeped in and seeming to be satisfied he passed us in. My friend explained that the reason for this was that a dynamite fiend once entered with his machine without anyone's knowledge. It exploded and demolished a magnificent window which cost thousands of dollars.

We were in the robing rooms, then passed into the corridors that led to the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

What lovely pictures line the walls, especially the larger ones of the covenanters! How beautiful is the light shining upon the faces of the devout women as they kneel on the shore watching the departing boats bound for the new world, America! After viewing the pictures of England's dead kings and queens we descended the steps to see Westminster Abbey, the great historic structure which the world delights to visit and to write of.

We crossed the street and found our way with other visitors to the center of the sacred edifice, then to the poet's corner where nearly every nationality is represented. To reach here we had walked over the resting place of Gladstone, England's Grand Old Man, whose wife is lying by his side under the floor of the Abbey. The tombs of the kings and nobility could

be seen, the guide charging sixpence to show us through this part of the Abbey. We paused a while at each tomb to find out the name of the silent occupant, the points of interest or what important part each played in the world's drama. Prominent among them are the tombs of Mary Queen of Scots, and her mother-in-law. Not far away is what is left of the cruel Richard III; and a few steps away the tomb of the two little princes he murdered in the tower. All are silently asleep here in the famous old Abbey, together with the brave general who fought in war and won fame and lands for England.

We next saw the coronation chair. Then we went out to another part of the Abbey where we paused before the large statue of the great anti-slavery agitator, William Wilberforce, who fought so hard in the House of Commons the battle for freedom and by a life of persistent struggle and untiring perseverance succeeded in stopping the infamous traffic in human flesh in the British Isles. 'Tis true he was vilified and abused as are many individuals who champion a righteous cause, yet he dared to do what he felt God wanted him to do. Though his friends thought to dissuade him from his purpose his mind was firmly made up to stand, even alone. This conclusion he reached while conversing with friends beneath what is known as "Emancipation Oak" in a little village on the outskirts of the city of London, which still reaches out its leafy boughs to shade the weary pedestrian who happens to pass that way.

We lingered long, gazing at the statue of this lion-hearted man. I felt I owed it more than a passing glance, as I bowed my head in reverence to the likeness in stone and read the inscription sacred to his memory. Having thanked God for this noble and extraordinary character, I passed on to another great foe of the slave trade, David Livingstone, who fell asleep in Jesus May 1, 1873, in the sultry wilds of Africa, whither he had gone to lead into the fold of Christ those sheep which Christ speaks of in John x: 16: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring. And they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." There he lies beneath the stone flooring with the above inscription written on the marble slab which covers his sacred dust—no, not all of it, for his heart lies buried in Africa. There are few Livingstones to-day. What a wonderful character! How

worthy of emulation his example! "Though he is dead, still shall he live." What does the Master say about it? "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for they rest from their labor and their works do follow them." This is the kind of missionaries God wants us to be, to deny ourselves, to make sacrifices to follow after Him.

The first question most of our missionary ministers of today ask is: "How much money is there in it?" Not "How many souls can I win for Christ?" I feel that if David Livingstone gets a jewel for every soul he has led to Christ he will not be able to wear them. He was a true disciple of Christ; there are none lying in the Abbey greater than he in the sight of God, awaitng the resurrection morn. Soon we were walking through the long hall-like places where so many monks are buried, until we reached the street again, carrying with us life-long impressions of England's illustrious dead who are patiently awaiting in the sacred shadows of Westminster Abbey the coming of the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

After a good night's rest we boarded the train the next morning for the home of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-the-Avon. This, too, is a treat to all lovers of scenery, like Ayr, the home of Burns. There has been little change in its style of architecture but it retains its old-time quaintness. I was pleased when I stood in the room where the great writer first saw the light of day. I could not resist the temptation to scribble my name on the low ceiling. We left here for the banks of the Avon river which flows by the church where Shakespeare and his wife lie sleeping under the altar. We reached the railing and read on the slab which covers their last resting place: "Blest be he who does not dig the dust from round these stones. But cursed be he who moves my bones." Having seen many relics we walked across the meadow-like field to the cottage of Anne Hathaway Shakespeare, whom Shakespeare said "hath a way of her own."

On returning to my room in London I received a message from Mr. Bigge, Queen Victoria's private secretary, saying I must call at Windsor Castle next morning. I was there on time and was received by her Majesty in an informal way, the Queen having remembered me through the following correspondence (taken from the April 4th, 1900, issue of the New Orleans "Picayune"):

Colored Women Send Resolutions of Praise to Queen Victoria.

At a special meeting last night of the Willard Women's Christian Temperance Union of Louisiana, Mrs. Frances A. Joseph presiding, the following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we, the W. C. T. U. of the State of Louisiana, do tender to her majesty, Queen Victoria, our heartfelt sympathy and admiration for her noble and humane stand in demanding equal rights for humanity in the Transvaal. Be it further

Resolved, That we, in behalf of thousands of Negro mothers in this state, offer our prayers to God, our All-wise Father, to help her obtain a speedy victory over a selfish, ungrateful people."

This resolution was signed by Mrs. Frances A. Joseph, state president, and Miss M. Wicker, state secretary, and will be forwarded to Queen Victoria."

Queen Victoria was a stout and aged woman. She greeted me with a smile as I bowed before her. I presented my letter of introduction from her consul at New Orleans. It was read and she asked if she could do anything for me. I requested permission to visit the long unused underground prisons of England under the Tower. She smilingly gave consent, saying on the morrow I should have a guard to take me to the desired place. I thanked her and bade her good-bye. In the morning at nine o'clock the guard arrived with my pass. My hostess and I were ready. He went with us to the Tower where the keeper of the keys stood waiting for us. The great iron doors were opened and we descended the iron steps so far that it seemed we should never get to the bottom. At last our feet touched the stone floor. The guard had a lantern which very poorly lighted up that great long hall. We stopped at the end of the hall and he showed us the great iron gates that opened on the river Thames to receive prisoners, the peasant and the nobleman. We turned down another dark hall where the guard pointed to the cell which had been used by some of the nobility of England. At last we came to the cell called "Little Ease," where the immortal Latimer and Ridley spent their last days, trusting and praising God. This cell is only five feet square, and when we remember that one of these men was taller by five inches we realize there was indeed little comfort for him during his six months' incarceration. Still, though

liberty was offered them every day when the jailer brought them their scanty fare of bread and water, they refused to pay the price named for it, the telling where the manuscript and the type from which the Bible was printed, was hidden. While there they scratched on the walls with their fingers: "We glorify God with our sufferings. He is with us through it all." I imagine I can see them on that last morning when they were led out into daylight and were blinded by the light; when the march was taken up to the market-place, the cart going on before them carrying the faggots that were to form their funeral pyre. Latimer said to Ridley, "Cheer up, old fellow; we are going to make a light to-day with our bodies that will shine down the ages of time, and show men the way to God." They marched on to the stake, the crowd following. The cruel mandate of the king is to be obeyed. Protestantism must be wiped out. Rome must rule. These men had bought the necessary machinery and printed the Bible in England. They knew it was against the law. They were hunted and taking ship with their manuscript and machinery, left for France, where for months they dared print the Bible. Then filling a boat they came back to England, distributed the word of God, were caught after a long search by the King's soldiers, and after imprisonment for six months were brought to account. On they went to the stake smiling; brave soldiers for Christ (stepping up to the iron stake to which they were chained), with their hands behind them. The faggots which were piled high were soon lighted. The flames leaped up hungrily, licking their bodies as they soared. Yet they sang, their faces shining as they looked heavenward. They died the death of martyrs that the word of God might be handed down to new-born generations. All honor to these saints!

While many of the prisons I visited were gloomy, damp and filthy with vermin, I feel that if these men endured so much to bring about reforms in their day, might I not bear some little burdens for my Lord, and work that men may know more of Him through me, His servant?

This brought our sightseeing across the waters to a close. My date had arrived and after having spent nearly five months in Europe, I prepared to sail for America. I was sorry to return so soon after having made so many warm friends to whom I was loath to say good-bye, but I must return to my work among the friendless ones in New Orleans; hence I bade farewell to those pleasant scenes and loving friends.



MISS EMMA M. FREUSCH,
Of Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHAPTER XV.
HOMEWARD BOUND.

On the morning of September 18th my friends, Miss Longfield and Miss Firth, accompanied me to the train which was bound for Liverpool, where I was to take passage on the steamer "Rhynland" on the following day for America.

After a long, dreary, foggy voyage of nearly thirteen days we reached Philadelphia. I spent a few days in that city visiting prisons and giving a few lectures, trying to make friends for the work to which I had given much labor, the building of the Colored Industrial Home and School for the colored boys and girls of Louisiana.

I was invited to Jersey City, N. J., by Bishop and Mrs. A. Walters, which invitation I gratefully accepted. I found in this typical Christian home the latch-string hanging on the outside, bidding welcome to every earnest Christian worker. Indeed, I was greatly encouraged by their kind advice and earnest prayers.

Leaving these warm-hearted Christians, I went to Brooklyn, N. Y., where I was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. H. C. C. Astwood, former U. S. Minister to San Domingo. These kind friends also made it most comfortable and pleasant for me, even in making engagements and arranging for my lectures. It was while stopping here that I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of that most kind, loving and philanthropic lady, Miss Emma M. Treusch. My meeting this most estimable lady reminded me of the old, but true adage, "The darkest hour is always just before the dawn of day." It was during one of these moments when I felt that success was so far away, if there was ever to be any success at all, that I met Miss Treusch. She had read of my work in the papers and called to see me to offer whatever help she could and in whatever way. After explaining all to her, she said to me: "Do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend, and He will help you to succeed." Having given me much encouragement and strengthened my faith in Him, she said, "Come, let us pray." We knelt, and she prayed one of those touching, soul-reviving prayers that lifts a Christian away up and makes him know that the Redeemer does live, for He lives in your soul. I shall never forget how earnestly she exhorted me to be of good cheer and while I never for a moment felt like giving up the battle for fallen and suffering humanity, I confess I needed just such words of comfort

and endearment at that time. Being interested in my work, she has not failed to give as liberally as it was possible for her to give, and to communicate with me from time to time inquiring about my health and the progress of the work. May His tender blessings ever attend her!

Yes, I know that Jesus is my friend and I am only too willing to trust him. These lines come to me written by my friend, Miss Kathie Grombeck of Glasgow, Scotland:

"I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget, He leads me on
With hands of Love.
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's Land.
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always face the onward course
My ship must take,
But looking backward I behold afar
Its shining wake,
Illumined with God's light of Love, and as
I onward go,
In perfect trust, that He who holds the helm
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life,
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me, till I quite forget He knows
And oversees;
And that in each detail with this good plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the task He gives
In life's hard school.
But I am learning, with His help, to solve
Them one by one,
And when I cannot understand, to say,
"Thy will be done."

Through invitation, I made a few visits to the home of Bishop and Mrs. William B. Derrick, at Flushing, N. Y., where I was nicely entertained in their palatial residence, and felt much encouraged by their prayers and interest in my work and in my success.

From there I went to Washington, D. C., to attend the National Convention of the W. C. T. U., which convened November 30 to December 7. The convention was most helpful and inspiring. Many receptions were tendered the delegates, among which was one given by President and Mrs. William McKinley in the executive mansion, where were also the wives of some of the members of the President's cabinet. The delegates were ushered in by twos and introduced to the President and Mrs. McKinley by Secretary Long. Mrs. McKinley, although ill and unable to stand, looked well, more especially when she smiled. Her pleasant, angelic-like countenance, with a soft sweet voice, did not have the tendency to induce one to believe her an invalid. Her pretty blue velvet dress and the magnificent chair upholstered in gold, added considerably to the already beautiful Mrs. McKinley.

After the session of the National Convention, which was quite interesting as well as instructive, I delivered a few lectures in some of the churches there, then went back to Philadelphia, thence to Brooklyn, N. Y., to fill some previous engagements. This being accomplished, I bade good-bye to the many new, kind friends and turned homeward to spend the merry Christmas with loved ones, from whom I had been absent for six months.

At 11 o'clock, on the morning of December 23rd, our car rolled into the depot, where I was met by my three children, Eva, Eugene and Eddie.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME AT WORK AGAIN.

Before I had time to get out into the streets I was informed by Rev. A. M. Green that I had not arrived at New Orleans as yet. When I inquired the reason why, I was told that there would be a public reception tendered me and that I would be expected to give an account of myself and how the world received me abroad. I found that a program was arranged for the occasion.

I repaired to the prison the next morning to find some of

the old familiar faces and many new ones, increasing my work tenfold. I was appealed to by a mother to see the judge and ask him to give her daughter time in the Parish prison instead of sending her to the state's prison. The poor mother worked hard at washing and ironing to educate this daughter and to dress her in the latest styles, creating in her a love for fine clothes, making a goddess of her baby. The girl had not been taught to work but had spent most of her time in school; and not being able to complete her education to the extent that would enable her to make a living and yet having developed an insatiable love for gaiety and desire for fine clothes, in a weak moment she stole in order to deck the body she so much worshipped. She was detected, arrested and placed in prison, tried by a jury, found guilty and the judge was to sentence her, the mother only child. I agreed to help her if she would promise me that this would be her last theft. She willingly signed my pledge, and I saw the judge, who agreed to make the sentence light.

The curse of dress is on some women of all races and is doing more to corrupt them and undermine society than any other evil. Too many are weak when confronted by this monster, fine dress. Many foolish girls are willing to sacrifice home, loved ones, honor and all that women should hold dear, for a string of pretty beads, a diamond ring or a silk dress, and realize when it is all too late that they have sold the priceless jewel of virtue for a mess of pottage, which is bitter shame and remorse. In the end they become creatures that are shunned by respectable people, lost to society and very often to God. I have seen a white woman, beautiful of face and figure, the beloved wife of a poor man, standing before the judge, hearing his words: "I sentence you to six months in the Parish prison for petty larceny." She had been tried and found guilty of shoplifting. She had stolen over $50.00 worth of laces from one of our largest dry goods stores in the city of New Orleans. We can but draw the mantle of pity over these weak ones; they were weak, the temptation was strong. God has given a double portion of his blessing to those who will not yield to temptation and they should thank Him for this will-power over temptation that makes them stand ready in the hour of trial and look away to God from whence their strength cometh.

One morning as I was waiting in the clerk's office to see the judge of the Second City Criminal Court I heard a voice

exclaim in a loud, painful tone, "She is my wife. We have lived together for thirty-eight years; the law cannot estrange us." I rose from my seat and looked in the courtroom and saw a white man standing before the bar accused of violating the miscegenation law. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, and was released together with his colored wife whose face was wet with tears. Their bonds were fixed at $250 each. They had grown children in the community who could not be recognized as being colored. These people lived in the suburbs of the city where a large number of truck farmers and fishermen lived, having no caste. White men and colored women and white women and colored men intermarried and reared large families. In most cases the parties had been married for years before the miscegenation law was made. In many of these cases the white men will go on the witness stand, holding the Bible in their hand, and swear they are colored in order to escape suffering and prosecution, thereby frustrating the laws of Louisiana, which would mean separation from their wives and families. In one case a white father had his son arrested for marrying a woman who was known to have colored blood in her veins. When he made the charge the son had been married three years and two children had been born to the couple. One, a tot of two years, played on the courtroom floor, and the other, a baby of six months, slept in its mother's arms as the father sat near her lovingly stroking its little feet. The babies were all unmindful of the heartache and anguish of the parents while the law was being invoked to separate them forever. This was the third time the aged father had had his son before the court trying to have the law separate him from his family.

On November 4, 1909, a pretty mulatto girl was brought before the juvenile court for being in an immoral house, the keeper of same harboring her for that purpose. Her old grandmother's head was bowed in shame as she related the story of the girl's fall. The girl's mother, who sat near with face suffused with tears, when asked why the girl was living with the grandmother instead of living with her, explained that she had married again. Upon further questioning the fact was established that her husband was a white man, and the district attorney had filed charges against them accusing them of living in concubinage, as they had married since the passage of the law preventing marriages between the negro race and the white

race. The husband had been arrested and brought to court and pleaded not guilty; he furnished bond and was released, pending trial. I knew him personally and a more gentlemanly, kind-hearted man never lived; he was the nephew of a former German chancellor. Two days after this man's arraignment I was astounded and horrified to read in an evening paper that he had bade good-bye to his wife and babies, looked for the last time on their beautiful little home, wended his way to the woods in a lonely spot and had blown out his brains, leaving a note of loving farewell to his wife, asking those who found the body to send it to her. Two white boys discovered his body and robbed it of the little valuables and ran off. A colored woman passing by saw the body and reported it to the police. It was taken home to the heart-broken wife. Let us draw the veil of pity before this scene and stop to learn when this law was made and by whom.

At the session of the legislature in 1892 a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives on June 1st, with the following title: "An act to prohibit the intermarriage of the white and colored races in Louisiana." Penalties for the violation of same were at the same time provided. The bill became house bill No. 136, was reported favorably by the judiciary committee on June 21st, defining a colored person to be one having one thirty-second or more of Negro blood in his veins. The bill was received in the Senate on June 28th, referred to the judiciary committee July 7th, reported without action and died with the adjournment of the legislature. On May 30th, 1894, another bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, No. 250, and was referred to the judiciary committee on May 31st. This body reported the bill favorably on June 5th. After several amendments it was finally adopted on June 8th. The bill passed the Senate on June 26th, was approved by the governor of the State of Louisiana, July 5th. In eighteen states of the Union the mixture or intermarriage of the white and Negro is not only not valid but punishable as a crime.

The judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania used the following language: "Why our Creator made one man white and the other black we know not, but the fact is apparent and the races are distinct, each producing its kind and following the peculiar laws of its constitution, conceding equality with natures as perfect and

rights as sacred, yet God has made them dissimilar. The natural law which forbids their intermarriage and that amalgamation which leads to a corruption of the races is as clearly defined as that which imparted to them different natures."

This judge is all right; the only fault I have to find is that these laws ought to have been made by the Caucasian when the poor Negro, the scapegoat of American civilization, was lassoed, chained on the Dutch ship and brought to America. The Caucasian has lived to rue the day and some of his sons and daughters have paid for it in blood and tears, and the end is not yet.

How much more honorable it would have been had they treated the Africans as they do the other dark races who are receiving Christian help. Each year dozens of missionaries of the Caucasian race are sent to China, Japan and other countries to teach them the way to Christian civilization. America owes a debt to Africa hard to settle.

A Chinaman, on being asked by an American missionary to accept his Christian teaching and follow Christ, replied: "Me no like Melican man Christ; he let you treat poor Indian and African velly mean." The Negro has lost much by this intermingling of blood. He has contracted the white man's diseases that were formerly confined to the Caucasian race. While it may seem strange that the Negro has become peculiarly susceptible to these and weakens quickly, sowing the seeds indiscriminately among those of his race to be reaped by the coming generations, the whole matter of race intermingling is deplorable. Yet I can see no way of preventing it, as the law is not respected by some of the men of the race who have helped to make it.

For instance, November 11, 1910, a wealthy white planter living in Mississippi hired a colored girl as a servant in his home. He fell in love with the pretty mulatto servant and persuaded her to become his mistress. The girl's mother became angry and went to get her daughter, taking with her an older daughter. She was met on the porch of the planter's home. He shot her and her daughter and they both fell dead at his feet. The planter's father helped this son in the fiendish act, while the girl who was his mistress escaped to the town and reported the deed to the officials. The father and son were arrested, and, though one year has

elapsed, I have not as yet heard of a trial. Deeds of this kind will continue until the white woman rises in her might and demands a higher standard of morals from the men of her race, as they in turn demand of her.

During my sojourn of nearly five months in Europe I never heard of a lynching or burning at the stake, and I believe this was due to the rigid enforcement of law; for when a crime is committed an investigation is made as soon as possible and the accused brought to trial without such delays and technicalities as are experienced in America, and stern justice meted out.

The Times-Democrat of New Orleans publishes figures showing 86,934 murders were committed in America in ten years and only 1,149 executions in that time, only one in seventy being executed.

Among the many letters I have received I cannot refrain from giving my readers the contents of one from a boy perhaps not more than twelve years of age. He was in the Boys' House of Refuge, where I used to go every Wednesday when in the city, to read, lecture and encourage the inmates to make the very best of life, and show them the excellent opportunity before them, even though they are confined within the walls of a reformatory. The letter reads:

"Dear Mrs. Joseph:

"I write you these few lines to ask you if you will be kind enuff to take me out. I would like to have a home where I could have a place to work. I have not got any parents to take me out. I am the boy that can draw maps so good. I am the one Mr. Peyton, the teacher, told you I was a good boy. I have been in here a long time, and I would like to get out. I will work around the house. I will be a good boy and do as you tell me. I was sent here because I had no home. I am in the fourth reader and I can read well. Some of these days, if God spares me and nothing happens, I will go to Africa and teach these people. I am a Christian and I am glad of it. I try to be a good boy and learn more about God. We can never learn enuff about God. When you come here Wednesday please take me out. This is from Joseph Howard Hawkins."

Could you see this bright-eyed little fellow you could

not help liking him. There is a look of intelligence and attraction in his countenance. Think of it, a Christian! I know you would be impressed with him. I have learned to love him and think him as nice as he has written. He made his way from Canton, Miss. He had no home, no mother, nor father, only an aged grandmother, whom he had assisted as best he could. So he thought by coming here he might be able to find something to do whereby he could be of more assistance to this loving old grandmother. The charge against him was juvenile vagrancy. So you see why he was arrested and sent to the reformatory. Having heard me read of the life of David Livingstone, he became inspired to become a missionary some day. He drew a very pretty map of Africa. Who knows but that this little fellow was not a born artist or missionary?

There were a great many more just such promising, bright little boys in that institution.

I was awaited with much anxiety on Wednesday to speak to these dear hearts. Of course, they were not all very good, for some were there for murder, some for gambling and others for malicious mischief, while many were there simply because they were homeless and at the same time perfectly innocent of crime. This mingling of good and bad can but have a very ill effect upon the former.

The early impressions upon youths are always lasting. Good environment is invaluable to the development of body and mind. . It has greater influence over children, because the child's mind is fresh, receptive and retentive. Few plants can thrive or reach maturity surrounded by weeds. One or the other must suffer. So it is with these children. Having committed no crime, they should not be placed with those who have. There is nothing good to be learned by this mingling. Instead, much evil is taught by this school of vice furnished by the city.

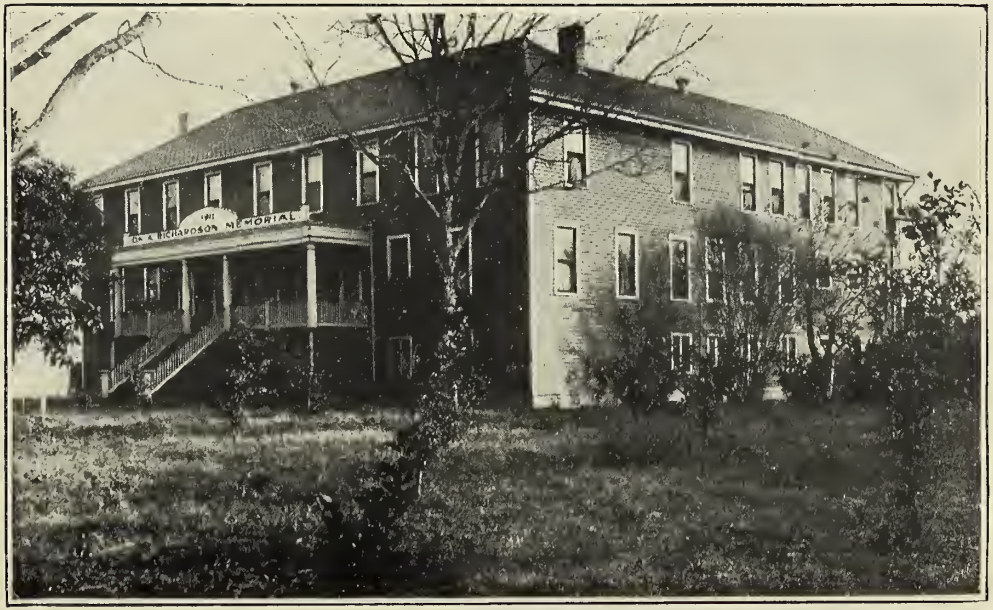
CHAPTER XVII.

COLORED INDUSTRIAL HOME.

To help remedy the conditions mentioned in previous chapters I have founded an industrial home and school, where the homeless children of my race may be cared for and trained for lives of usefulness.

Our school is located within the corporate limits of the city of New Orleans, about five miles from the center, on a beautiful shell road—Gentilly Avenue. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad runs through the grounds, and the Villere Street car is just within a half-mile of the buildings, affording splendid facilities for transportation. The campus is elevated and shaded with many pecan and a variety of fruit trees. The grounds are adorned with beautiful plants, many of which bloom all the year. The grounds consist of 105 acres, fifteen of which are under cultivation by an experienced truck farmer. This furnishes admirable facilities for training the boys along industrial lines. The three main buildings are conveniently situated, and the whole plant is worth about $75,000. This industrial home and school was founded eleven years ago, during which time we have added two large buildings, a dormitory for boys with a schoolhouse combined at a cost of $4,000. In 1911 the girls' dormitory and domestic science building was added at a cost of $6,150. Part of this money was raised by the Times-Democrat of our city.

This beautiful three-story frame structure was named in memory of my dearest friend, Mrs. Ida A. Richardson, who departed this life on Sunday, April 10, 1910. She was one of God's true servants, a treasure. She made the doing of good her life work. Philanthropy with her was not the belated restitution of the rich; not a thing apart from the real business of life, no pastime nor fad, no empty theory. Every thought of her active and practical brain, almost all of her income and the better part of her capital, were dedicated to her fellow-men. Mrs. Richardson for many years spent her income in the cause of education and charity, and worked as hard as any capitalist to make her investments pay, simply that she might have more to give. New Orleans has had many public-spirited citizens, generous benefactors, but none like Mrs. Richardson. Such a life is never



IDA A. RICHARDSON MEMORIAL, THE GIRLS' DORMITORY.

ended; for the good, as well as the evil that we do, lives after us.

Her life was a rare instance of power for good that lies in each of us as well as an instance of wealth rightly used. She reduced her own personal needs to simplicity and devoted herself completely to the service of black and white. There was no color to her charity. Her unusual faithfulness to every known duty, her keen practical judgment, her honesty of purpose and fervor of action, her unswerving devotion to her church, to her friends and to the many associations with which she was so long connected, revealed the true womanliness of her nature. Her philanthropies were manifold, her charity was of the quality which vaunteth not itself but is kind. The poor rise up and call her blessed.

She was a true, zealous friend. She wrote an appeal for my school and sought subscriptions to help us build a dormitory, for which some of her friends criticised her severely and sought to keep her from soliciting. This displeased her and caused her to write letters to all the leading papers of our city condemning her friends for this injustice and prejudice. She called a meeting of the leading white citizens at her home. Her elegant parlors were filled, and when Judge Robert H. Marr stated the object of the meeting and I was requested to give a description of the work, her dear face beamed with pleasure. This I did, and when the speech-making was over, she was overjoyed to hear Mr. Alfred LeBlanc, treasurer of the Advisory Board and agent for the Harrison Line Steamship Company, say, "We have received at this meeting over a thousand dollars for Frances Joseph's work."

The following was sent by her to all of the local newspapers:

"Movement To Aid the Worthy Cause."

The following appeal was written by Mrs. Dr. T. G. Richardson on behalf of the Colored Industrial Home and School and is endorsed by the Protestant Ministers' Alliance of this city, white:

MRS. RICHARDSON'S APPEAL.

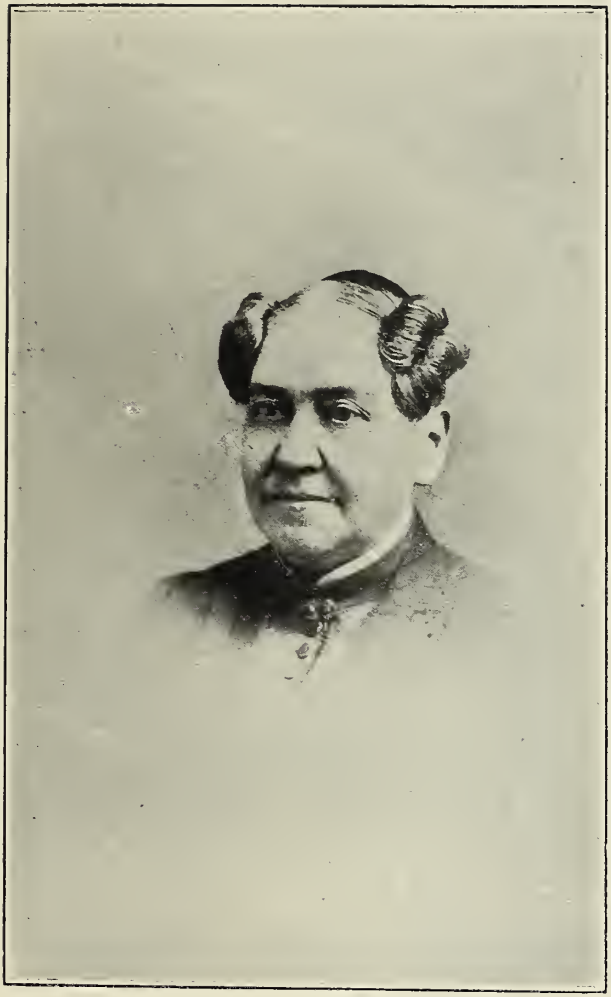
Will not all who remember a dear old "Mammy," a "Nana" or an "Aunty," in their early childhood days, when they were fondled, petted, coddled and sung to sleep night after night, and to whose arms they ran to be shielded from some well deserved punishment from mother, be willing to spend one dollar to help Frances Joseph in doing her noble work for colored children in her Industrial Home and School? There children are being taught that labor is honorable, and by learning to work intelligently they can become self-supporting, industrious and respected citizens.

Is it not a plain duty to us, who remember the love and devotion of Negroes in the days of slavery, and their faithfulness during the war, when, under every temptation, they refused to leave their mistresses and children, even when left without the master and protector, to assist this good, earnest woman in lifting the heavy debt resting upon her, and in helping her to properly educate the Negro children, not only for their own benefit, but for our future interest as well? Therefore, it is to those who can look back and remember the love and devotion in those bygone days, when as slaves, the Negroes so tenderly nursed them when sick, and night after night cared for them when peevish and fretful. It is for those who prepared our dead for the grave, watching by them to the last, and who mourned with us in our sorrow for father or mother, and they for "Old Master" or "Mistress," that I make this appeal, not only as a duty, but in love and gratitude for the devotion their parents and grandparents showed for us.

(Signed) IDA A. RICHARDSON.

Contributions may be sent to Mrs. T. G. Richardson, 2426 Prytania; Mrs. F. Joseph, 2611 St. Ann Street, or to the Daily Picayune Office.

Commenting on the same, the Picayune printed the following:



MRS. IDA A. RICHARDSON,
Philanthropist.

SOUTH'S TENDER MEMORIES OF THE LOYAL OLD SLAVES.

Recalled by Mrs. Ida A. Richardson and Other Real Friends of the Blacks Who Are Now Seeking to Aid the Cause of Practical Negro Education as Practiced in Industrial Schools.

During the past week Mrs. Dr. T. G. Richardson, New Orleans' greatest woman philanthropist, has made several eloquent appeals through the columns of the Picayune for money with which to pay off the debt on the Frances Joseph Home, and thus forward its usefulness. No institution could have a nobler or more practical mission than this, which is devoted to rescuing homeless Negro boys and girls and teaching them some honest craft by which they can make a livelihood.

The work was started years ago by Mrs. Frances Joseph, a colored woman of education and broad sympathies, who decided that she could best help her race by helping its children. Since then she has frequented the recorders' courts and the police jail, and whenever a boy or girl would be arrested for vagrancy or some petty misdemeanor, she has taken the forlorn little creature to her home, and there tried to instill into them the precepts of a higher life, and taught them how to work as a first aid to righteousness. Finding her little home too narrow for her constantly growing family, three years ago Mrs. Joseph bought a farm on the Gentilly Road for $5,000, where she has established a market garden with the ultimate hope of making the institution self-supportingg, but there still remains a mortgage of $3,000 upon it, one note of which is coming due in April, and it is the money to pay off this for which Mrs. Richardson appeals.

"It is an appeal that should not be made in vain to any Southern man or woman," said Mrs. Richardson yesterday, as she sat in the beautiful library of her luxurious home, "for there is not one of us who belongs to an older generation, at least, who has not some tender recollection of an old mammy on whose broad breast we were cradled in childhood, or of some faithful servant whose loyalty never wav-

ered and whose devotion never faltered during all the shock of the war. * * *

"The one thing," she said, "that the North has never been able to understand was the relationship that existed between the slaves and their masters. On one side was love and responsibility and on the other pride and faithfulness and out of these grew a bond of devotion that lasted as long as life did. I remember one of my friends, who died a few years ago—an old woman—who sent for all of her old slaves before she passed away to bid them farewell, and when they hung their heads, weeping, around her bed, and asked, 'Mistress, what can we do for you?' she said, 'I want you to be my pallbearers.' And six of the Negro men, who had served her in life, bore her to her grave. In my own family, during the war, when we could no longer protect our money and jewelry from the marauding soldiery we gave them to two faithful servants who carried them safely through every difficulty, and gave them untouched to us at last. One of these servants, a man, carried messages through the lines to a member of the family, who was in hiding, and thus held the master's life in his hands. Nor were these instances rare. Southern men went to war absolutely without fear, leaving their women and children in the care of some old uncle in whose faith and trustworthiness they could rely. 'Marse Chan', Thomas Nelson Page's beautiful story, had a thousand prototypes all over the South."

On Sunday, April 12, 1912, the school was caused to mourn the loss by death of another staunch friend in the person of Mr. Albert Baldwin. He was born at Watertown, Mass., April 7, 1834. He came to New Orleans in 1858, engaged in numerous successful business enterprises, winning his way into the hearts of the citizens, who regarded him with the highest esteem and confidence. His great business qualifications were shown by the large number of positions of trust and honor he held; namely, vice-president of the Times-Democrat Publishing Co., a director of the Union Ferry Co., National Rice Milling Co., and the Gullet Gin Co. In 1874, he was elected president of the New Orleans National Bank, which office he retained until 1906. Under his management the institutoin grew from a small beginning to its present important position in the banking



ALBERT BALDWIN,
Banker and Philanthropist.

world. His son, Albert Baldwin, Jr., is his worthy successor. Mr. Baldwin was prominently identified with the social and fraternal life of the city, being a member of several carnival organizations and the moving spirit in the Southern Yacht Club. Mr. Baldwin was a very charitable man, but unostentatious in his donations. His contributions to public movements of all characters are remembered by many and his private charities are known to have been extensive.

Mr. Albert Baldwin was president of our Advisory Board, and his unnumbered beneficences included our Home for the young. His silent, sympathetic, generous giving to our Home in the early years of its struggles had no witness save God and a few members of our race bound to observe his injunction that his helpfulness remain untold. Fearless in his attitude of sympathy for our people, he gave no hint of his substantial nature. He personally visited the Colored Industrial Home, saw its workings, commented with discretion upon its needs and many times called meetings which proved financially and ethically to its good. It was indeed a dark hour when we learned of the passing of this great and simple man, because of the grief honestly felt in the hearts of our children and the staggering effect upon our courage. We did not approach Mr. Baldwin for money; but when some friction or complexity arose, we knew where the court of high appeal might be found, and that it was approachable, eager to help by counsel from a legally-clear judgment. This Home long mourned its friend, regrets him still, counting his years all too short for the accomplishment of the ideals that inspired him. In none of the mansions of the mighty where he was known is his memory more sacredly preserved than among ourselves, and we hold his high example before the waifs and estrays who come to us, as a type of Christian whom even the humble might emulate. For in him there was no pride of attainment, no glorying in what he was; his soul revealed love for his fellow-man, a desire to live usefully and in humility to his Maker.

Now that he is gone many whom he helped have spoken of his thousands of dollars given to Miss Wright's Night School; to Catholics, Jewish and Protestant Asylums, and institutions of various kinds. But there is one little instance which we like to recall and which shows the kindliness of

his heart as manifested in little things. Every morning at about six o'clock, Mr. Baldwin went out on horseback for an hour, according to a lifetime custom. Instead of riding out beautiful Esplanade avenue or in the parks, he chose the streets inhabited by the poor, the roads being sometimes almost impassable. Here he would dispense flowers from his pockets, to the children, white and colored, as they appeared, and when it could be unostentatiously done, slipped coins into their hands. The children ran along beside him begging for flowers and their joyful thanks followed him like sweetest music as he returned to the thoroughfares and his home. One day he remarked to a member of his family: "I have to order more roses for the garden." "Order more roses! You already have so many—why not plant other flowers?" Mr. Baldwin shook his head, smiling: "My customers seem to prefer roses," he answered. His "customers" were the children who hailed him each morning with a request for a rose. Tiny bunches of violets were made up by his gardener, sprays of mignonette, pure lilies, but he had found out that the demand was more insistent for roses, and roses the children must have! And it gave him delight to please the children by humoring them. I had not heard of this daily morning incident until after the death of our benevolent friend. When on a visit to my daughter her little lame girl complained that "the kind white gentleman who gave her flowers and nickels had not passed for a week. Upon questioning the child's mother told of the daily ride of Mr. Baldwin through unpaved, scarce-visited streets, and the echoes of cheery words and fragrances of costly blossoms he left in his wake. It was my duty to tell the little maimed girl that the earthly friend of the children, of the aged, of the lowly, would pass no more, for he had ridden away on the grey steed of Death which brings back no rider. The child of seven understood and wept. Perhaps no sincerer tribute was paid the dead philanthropist than those tears of the little lame child, in a lowly home of the French Quarter. Such tears started readily still at mention of the name of one who was known as a foremost financier, a courtly gentleman, a patron of arts and princely host. We know him to have been first of all a brother to the humble, a friend to the downtrodden and obscure, a tender parent to all children. Our pilgrimmage has been

made easier by the staff he extended to all who plodded over rough roads. A practical Christianity was his, which admitted all creeds, all races.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Truly in our hearts we will burn incense to his good deeds, and, now that we cannot displease him by so doing, speak often of his munificence. And though we are sorrowing at the thought of the mansion he has builded in the House of God, we will glory in his sacrifices and gifts, his noble inspiration and friendly word and sum up our praise of him and appreciation of him in one earnest Alleluia!

Mrs. Mary Henderson, another dear friend, we must mention, who became interested in us from the beginning, visited us quietly from time to time, anticipating our wants, sending us the funds we needed always with the parting injunction, "Say nothing about it."

The second Christmas in the work found us without funds for Christmas joys. Visiting us a week after and asking how we enjoyed Christmas, I told her we were not able to give the children a Christmas tree. She hung her head in sorrow and I saw two large tears fall on her handkerchief and she said, "That must not happen as long as I live," and she saw to it that there was joy for the children each Christmas until her death. She gave the first large donation towards building the boys' dormitory.

These generous hearts have gone to their reward. They saw that that which they gave the home and school was well invested. Their money helped to save to the state and society those who would have helped to swell the criminal ranks.

One of our girls served three years in the home of Mrs. Ida Richardson, giving perfect satisfaction until Mrs. Richardson's death. One of our boys ran away from his home where he was being ill-treated in one of the country parishes, came to our city in a box car. He was promptly taken by the officer when he arrived at the depot, brought to court and turned over to me. His age was ten years. He was ragged, barefooted and bareheaded, and had never been to school. We taught him to read and write, and for four years he acted as our business agent. He wished to go out to work. We let him go. To-day he is chauffeur for one of the leading families. Another one of our

many boys we might mention was following bad company in the country, was sent to us, kept three years, then put to work for himself, and to-day he is the trusted employee of one of the leading hotels, where he has been for three years. Another boy we have had in the home for three years has been at work for four years. He has felt grateful to us for our training and sent us as a present a fine Jersey cow which we badly needed. He paid for the cow out of his hard-earned savings. Many of our girls are married and are doing well.

Among those to be thanked for service rendered, which was equivalent to money, is Mrs. Sarah Wagner, who remained with us for about five months, serving as matron and teaching the children creole cooking. She was unable to give money, but she gave her loving service free of charge. This was in the beginning of our work. The lamented President McKinley said the chief factor in his cabinet was his cook, likewise was Mrs. Wagner to our Home and School.

I have children in school whose parents have gone to the state prison to serve a number of years. I have adopted them, and God helping me I shall raise them to be industrious, upright citizens. Other parents have gone to the insane asylum leaving their children homeless and destitute. Still others have crossed the great beyond.

One morning the telephone rang for me to come up to the city to get a baby girl and a boy about nine years of age. We got the buggy ready and went to the court. The children were there. I charged both with being vagrants. The baby smiled as I stood before the judge with her. The charge was read, she could only coo, being merely six months old. The baby was formally turned over to me, after which she was carried out to the Home. After five months in our care, a couple wanting a baby adopted Ruth. The baby will never know that there was a charge made against her, and that she broke the law when only six months old.

Another pitiful case came to my attention over the telephone. The message was, "Come out at once and get five children who are sick and starving." We hurried to an old brick building, fit only for rats to live in, on Front street. In a corner of the room, the flooring of which had rotted



RUTH,
Abandoned When Six Months Old.

away, was some old straw and rags; on this lay three sick, starving children, watched by two older ones, almost naked. We had been advised to bring some clothing for these children, and after dressing them, they were placed in our surrey, and hurried to the Home. Just as we were leaving the cocaine-crazed mother came along and was immediately taken in charge by the police. By faithful labor we succeeded in nursing all back to health save the eleven-month old baby, whose condition was beyond human aid.

Many mothers who have children to support leave them for us to raise, for which they sometimes give us a small fee. Sometimes they are regular, but oft times they are delinquent in their payments. We had hoped to get more money to carry on this work. We can but wait and pray that God might open the hearts of His treasurers to help save these poor helpless children. We have boys from neighboring states. They get to the city by stealing a ride on freight trains. The officers pick them up from the streets and send them to us. We care for them, being mindful of the fact that boys are generally restless. Many men of to-day, high in the nation's estimation, were at one time runaways, among whom, it is said, are the Japanese Marquise Ito, Governor General of Korea, Japan; Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), of Hannibal, Missouri, the world's most famous humorist; Joaquin Miller, of California, the poet of the Sierras; John Weaver, who successfully defended the American Cup three times; W. R. Grace, a former Mayor of New York City; Senator Anselmo J. McLaurin, of Mississippi; Senator George Clement Perkins, of California; George Washington Cooke, Representative-at-Large from Colorado; Sir Thomas Lipton, of London, England; and among the colored race are Frederick Douglass, who, it is said, fought with the dogs for a choice bone to sustain life while on the run; Bishop Wayman, of the African Methodist Church; Crispus Attucks, of Framingham, Mass., patriot, soldier and martyr, to whose memory is erected on Boston Common a statue for having given his life for American independence. His blood was the first shed in the Revolution. Harriet Tubman, the famous scout in the Union Army, and Sojourner Truth are among the Negro women. I am glad these were not caught and placed in a reformatory. Some of the reformatories of to-day are

simply resting places on the road to the state prison. The children are not classified as they should be. We do not need more reformatories but more well equipped manual training schools with truck farms attached so that the mischievous youth may be taught to work off in a helpful way some of his surplus energy.

I believe in the classification of children. I am satisfied that, "One rotten apple will spoil a barrel." Having been a "Probation Officer," appointed by the Judge of the Juvenile Court, I am still in touch with that tribunal from which boys and girls, from time to time, are committed to my care. Therefore I am in a position to know.

I am often asked the question "What do you do with the youths and how long do you keep them?" We invariably try to seek good Christian homes in which to place children, ranging in age from six to eight years. The boys do gardening before and after school and are taught the care of stock, poultry raising and general out-door work, as well as to care for their own rooms and to keep the buildings nice and clean, while the girls are taught cooking, plain and fancy sewing, mattress making, laundering and general housework. When they have been trained well enough to be recommended then they are ready to go out in service and work for wages. By these means we are continually releasing the children, and this must be done in order to make room for others that are coming in. All are taught to work, but in the meanwhile are given ample time for recreation. When they are out in service our children are always made to understand that the school is their home. We encourage them in this way to form an attachment for the school and at the same time to feel that we are interested in them and still have some jurisdiction over them.

So remarkable has been our progress that although we started out to help the unfortunates, parents have come to us not only in our own city but from adjoining states, and begged that we take their children. This constant demand compelled us to establish a boarding department where we charge the students $6.00 per month, not for the money, but simply to help the poor and needy.

I know of no other work that boys enjoy more than agriculture. To give a boy a plot of ground to cultivate and

watch the plants grow is to make him a valuable present. You might be amused to see several of our boys with their individual little gardens working faithfully their little crops, each trying to excel the other.

When a boy has made a failure in his crop he will sell his land to another ready buyer and beg for another plot in some other part of the field. Some boys combine and take as many plots as possible from one who is willing to sell and grow enough vegetables to gather and send to market with ours. They are encouraged in this also because this places individual responsibility upon the boy. Besides we find this healthful and produces rapid muscular development.

You perhaps would be surprised to know how much a boy of from ten to twelve years can do in a garden or truck farm. Gathering, bunching and transplanting vegetables seem to be children's work. Being young and active, they can do so much more of it than an adult, in less time, and with much more ease. One of our little boys has put up 1,060 bunches of carrots, five in a bunch, in a day of eight hours. Another has picked 20 buckets of stringbeans in the same time. They take special pride in preparing the vegetables for the shipper, and are always anxiously awaiting the reports of sales and are happy when we get a good price and are able to pay off some of our many bills.

One of our boys of twelve years, thinking we ought to get a higher price for our vegetables, stopped a farmer living near by and asked where he shipped his vegetables and the price he got for them. The farmer replied, "Pittsburg," and quoted the prices he received. The boy was elated and told the other boys. That evening when I got in from a meeting a delegation waited upon me and requested that I get in touch with the shipper and investigate, which I did, with better results from our sales.

Each year I give the boys a piece of land for their own use. They began to dispute over their land; so I decided to take it from them, and sell it at auction to the highest bidder for a term of eight months. Some offered as much as $1.75 for a tract measuring 30 by 30 feet, another $1.80 for a tract 100 by 8 feet; another $1.50 for 100 by 6 feet, and still another 50 cents for 12 by 12 feet. They purpose to

buy seeds from me and when the vegetables are matured, to sell at a profit, at which time collections would be made for the sale of the land.

A boy of fourteen years has been selected to look after the marketing as our sales agent. He has handled over $35.00 for us at one sale, is honest and reliable, never loses a single cent or loiters on the way. This boy is the younger of two brothers, whose father abandoned them when they were seven and eight years old.

Our girls are as equally enthusiastic about their work and the earning of money. Some of the girls wash and sew for former inmates who are out in service, thus earning a little money to help themselves. They are always eager to try new dishes in cooking and, like the boys, each is trying to excel the other so as to stand at the head of the class. They make all of their own clothes and those of the smaller boys. All are taught to save and economize and that labor is honorable and dignified.

A few years ago we needed another cow so as to have plenty of milk for some children who were sick and who needed to be fed on a diet of milk and crackers.

I went to the "Stock Landing," made known my wants to Messrs. Rice and Mumford. Those kind-hearted gentlemen immediately worded a petition, headed it with $5.00 each, circulated it among other commissioners and business men and in less than an hour had succeeded in raising the neat little sum of sixty dollars. In the meantime I had left for home. The next day two pretty cows were driven into our yard by a young man. One of our little boys of eight years came running in breathless haste to say to me that God had sent the cow we had been praying for. And sure enough He had, for we know that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

The children are taught that right living and earnest prayers will always bring needed blessings from God. We hold our regular prayer meetings on Sunday and Wednesday nights. When some one thing is needed quickly the children pray night and morning until that need has been supplied.

Of course, I am fully aware of the educational needs of our race. The higher institutions of learning are all doing a great and noble work. We need college men and college



CONSTELLO,
Abandoned at the Age of Three Years.

women, but for that class that cannot attain higher education let us give them what education we can. But by all means let us emphasize industrial education and training. Let us teach the rising generations that life is worth living only when we work, work, work and keep on working.

One morning as I was sitting in court waiting for a case to be called in which I was interested, a little boy was testifying in a case exposing the conduct of the saloon keepers in the redlight district. They would employ little boys in knee pants to deliver drinks to abandoned women and their male visitors in their cribs. On hearing this testimony, I told Miss B., one of my white friends, and Mrs. Hill, who volunteered to go with me on a visit to the slums. We went and were horrified at what we saw. Many children were found growing up in this hell to take the places of those whom dissipation killed ere they reached half the age allotted to man. We decided to print some tracts, with a copy of the law attached, and place them in every saloon in the district to notify the saloon keepers who were breaking the laws by selling to minors. We selected Saturday night for this purpose, and walked into every saloon, leaving our tracts with the keepers and placed some on the gambling tables. We waited a week, and when we saw the saloon keepers paid no attention to our warnings we went to see the Mayor, then the Chief of Police, who called in the captains of the precincts, told them there were complaints and that they must make arrests. Saturday night next, we three met again at nine o'clock. The inhabitants of the district were in the height of their revelry. We went into the leading saloons, saw the children as before, and decided to act. We noticed a boy of about ten years purchase ten cents worth of whiskey and leave the saloon. I held the boy while Miss B. held the glass of liquor and Mrs. Hill ran for an officer. Mrs. Hill at last found one, who appeared to be dodging her; she got him to come where we were, and when I made complaint and requested the officer to arrest the bar-keeper and the boy, he refused, saying he did not see the trouble and would not arrest any one unless one of us went along to make the charge. I readily agreed to go along, thinking we had only to walk to the station, which was but a few squares away. He informed me that I would have to ride in the patrol wagon. This brought consternation to us;

horror was written on our faces. What would our friends say? The newspapers would write us up, and we would be ridiculed and disgraced. The officer smiled at our discomfiture, and then an unseen power urged me on. It seemed to whisper, "Can you not do this for My sake to save the children from these dens of vice?" I grew strong; I said to the policeman, "Order your patrol wagon, I will go." While he was turning in the call I turned over all the tracts to my friends. The patrol wagon arrived. The policeman, the boy, the bar-keeper and I climbed in. The policeman made me sit at the end, under the bright light on the wagon, where I could be seen by all. What humiliation I suffered only God knows. A large crowd gathered, so my friends took advantage of the opportunity and in the brightly lighted street they distributed tracts to all, while I rode off amid the jeers of the crowd. Arriving at the station I had the boy paroled. It was twelve o'clock Saturday night. I took him to his home about a mile away and aroused his mother from bed. I stopped long enough to lecture that mother, who was a church member, and who, for three dollars per week, hired her boy to this dive keeper. I found better employment for him. On Sunday morning the saloon-keepers had a committee of two wait on me to request me not to prosecute them. They promised to discharge every boy in knee pants and get men to fill their places within twenty-four hours. I agreed to wait on them, and they left assuring me that they would keep their word. On the following Saturday night my two friends and I again visited the slums and found they had kept their word; the boys who were discharged were sent to me. I secured positions for some of them in respectable places. This led to other Christians taking note of the slums and taking children from people who kept dens of vice.

I have still another abominable system to speak of. My friend, Miss B., and I were just leaving Judge Marmouget's court, when we noticed the police van, a wagon closed in on all sides, standing before the building. White and black, males and females, were crowded into this dark vehicle like animals in a cage. Miss B. was horrified. I explained the evil effects of this system and asked her to get the Era Club to take steps to abolish it. She asked me



THE SCHOOL AND BOYS' DORMITORY.

the best way to go about it, so I explained what I thought best. She exclaimed, "My, you have a fine mind, you ought to be a white woman." I felt hurt and answered, "I would not insult my God who made me by finding fault with this swarthy skin. He knows what is best and placed me where He had need of me, and I am grateful to Him for the opportunity to show the world that I can serve Him well where He has placed me."

What a pity some people worship color! It is not color that God looks at but character. The soul stripped of its earthly habiliments stands before God to answer for its conduct while sojourning in its earthly house, before that mortal puts on immortality. How foolish are some of the people of this earth! The wisest king that ever ruled a people was black. He said, "I am black, yet I am comely." When the Queen of Sheba called to see him and converse with him, she could but exclaim, "O, Solomon, the half has never been told me." She was overwhelmed with his wisdom and grandeur. David was great, but his black son Solomon was wise and a better king. God seemed to love the dark skins best for he made two-thirds of the earth's population dark skinned.

I have visited the art galleries of America, England and France, I have seen pictures of Christ painted by the world's greatest artists but none of them has painted him with the same features. The Germans have painted Him with blue eyes and flaxen hair; the French and Spanish, as well as the Turks and Moors, yes, and the English have painted Him with brown hair and eyes, black with swarthy complexion. I expect to see an artist of African descent paint Him with their features and color, though we do not know His true color. I believe He was colored; his mother was a Nazarene and only colored people lived in Nazareth at that time. What does it matter, for we are told in the Bible, we shall awake in His likeness, we shall be like Him. Blessed book that assures us eternal life, that breathes one gospel for all! The gospel of God's love that permeated John Morris who peddled tins for a living, known as cheap John.

John was a remarkable character; he was a member of St. Paul M. E. Church (Colored), New Orleans. He was tall, of black complexion, thin, and straight as an arrow; he was a Salvation Army by himself. Oft we met him on the streets,

rattling his basket of tins and singing with the Christ-light shining in his eyes, "He saved a poor sinner like me." One morning I was waiting on the street corner for a car. My thoughts were gloomy as the morning had been filled with many little vexations. It was one of those mornings when everything seemed to go wrong. I heard that familiar voice on another street; finally he came in sight and stopped opposite me, looking towards the heaven, singing:

I was once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
And I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me.

I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see;
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like thee.

I listened; and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

I was cheered and felt like singing too. I could not help exclaiming, "Praise Him. He saves and cheers a poor sinner like me." John smiled and walked away. I boarded the car with the echo of his song in my heart and a picture of his dear face in memory. Only God knows the great number of people cheered and how many souls were led to Him through the singing of this humble black man during his many years of peddling tins. John knew what it was to be in the secret of God's presence, and with Wordsworth he could say: "I have felt a presence that disturbs me with joy of elevated thought, a sense sublime of something far more deeply interspersed whose dwelling is the light of setting suns and the round ocean, and the living air and the blue sky and in the mind of man a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought and rolls through all things." And when summed up by black or white sage or serf let the language be smooth or rough, our God understands and reveals Himself to those who seek Him, and have overcoming faith, for through faith I have been able to accomplish this work. I saw my triumph from afar, by faith I drew wit nigh.

HE LEADETH ME.

He leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought,
Oh! word with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still o'er trouble sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

I owe everlasting gratitude to that noble, broadminded, unprejudiced Christian lady, Mrs. Ida A. Richardson, the widow of Dr. T. G. Richardson; Miss E. M. Treusch, Mr. A. Baldwin, Mrs. Mary Henderson, Judge and Mrs. Robt. H. Marr, Mr. Alfred LeBlanc, Miss Sarah Henderson, The Daily Picayune, The Item, The Times-Democrat, and a host of white friends who have been most kind to me, and who have been ever ready to help with advice and money when it seemed I could not get along.

I could not write finis to this book, however, without giving credit to the colored ministry of my city and state, who have thrown open the doors of their churches for my reception to enlist their congregations in the work. Also to the many friends and secret and benevolent organizations. Nor could I fail to give due credit to the bord's first secretary, Mr. A. P. Gaudet, who has labored most earnestly, giving his time and money to the work among the children of his race whom he loves. Mr. Gaudet was at my first meeting, taking note of all that was said, entered zealously in planning to help for the success of the project which I presented. This was not a spasmodic interest but an untiring one, increasing with the years so much so that he persuaded me to retract my vow to remain single June 11, 1905, and agree to write my name

FRANCES JOSEPH-GAUDET.

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